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Fall Education Issue

DANIEL C. MAGUIRE

QUOTAS: UNEQUAL BUT FAIR

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AN ACADEMIC PROFILE

ELEANOR B. WYMARD

FRANK GETLEIN THE DOUBLE STANDARD
PETER STEINFELS AS I WAS SAYING . . .
THOMAS POWERS MARK RUDD RETURNS
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. TWO WOMEN
JOHN P. SISK PHILOSOPHIZING ON THE PAST
REVIEWS: RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR., DANIEL AARON, C. PETER RIPLEY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gettin' to Getlein

Carversville, Pa.

To the Editors: I'm sure you wouldn't want a letter long enough to point out all the distortions, false conclusions and vindictivenesses that distinguish Mr. Getlein's so-called Report on Kappler's escape from prison in Italy [Sept. 16].

I am an American of German parentage but I had never heard that justice is "the ancient foe" of Germany. Doesn't that seem a mite too sweeping and personal a view?

And what's so wrong about a soldier, any soldier, trying to escape from imprisonment? Getlein seems to regard this as a peculiarly horrendous German crime.

Kappler must have been an almost unique lightweight if he could curl up in a suitcase that his wife was able to lug away by hand. I just don't believe it.

Also, aside from the poisonous malice which distorts his every sentence, there are some errors in English. For one, the word "discomfort" used as a verb, went out with Shakespeare. The word is "discomfit," for what he was evidently trying to express.

Altogether this is extraordinarily emotional reporting. It might be well to find somebody more even-handed to supply your readers with news from Washington.

By the way, isn't Getlein a German name?

ALICE E. BUTLER

Kingston, N.Y.

To the Editors: While I confess that I have on occasion enjoyed certain of Mr. Getlein's columns, he lately impresses me as being little better than the unthinkingly vituperative sort of demagogue that vents his spleen in the publications of campus radicals. His recent "Return of the Native" [Sept. 16] seems to demonstrate a sort of self-righteous pride in his bigotry toward Germans, and I wonder that it did not serve as an embarrassment to *Commonweal*. Perhaps the interests of *Commonweal*, and its readers, might be well served by finding out what is troubling Mr. Getlein, and then getting him back on the road to more detachment, objectivity, and rationality. A bit of spirit and warmth are to be encouraged in certain journalistic endeavors, but temper tantrums and self-immolation are not.

CLYDE J. SICKLER III

Alderson, W. Va.

To the Editors: I think Frank Getlein needs to be called to account for his recent remarks in "Washington Report" [Sept. 16]. It seems he can't mention the word German without throwing an ethnic slur at every individual in those countries. I would be the first to unequivocally condemn the atrocities of the Nazis, and I stood with sorrow and anger at the graves of those Italians murdered by Kappler. But for the same reasons I could not be so blind as to offer a similar "final solution" as Mr. Getlein: "When the Germans try it again . . . we should plan accordingly . . . that that time the end will be the end." Such a thinly veiled cry for the extermination of a people deserves no sanctuary in your pages.

I can only describe his remarks in the past few issues as a German hate campaign. I'm speaking of blatant remarks such as, "Germans, to be sure, have always considered Italians not quite human: they're always singing . . . having a good time, instead of killing people." [Sept. 16], and indirect slurs as, "In Kappler's case the enemy was the ancient foe of his country, justice." [Sept. 16]. He can even find praise for the neutron bomb by noting that it "is not in the class with the German death camps." [Aug. 19]. That there are sensitive and justice-loving Germans today seems to thoroughly escape his judgment: "it is easy, too, to understand the sheer bafflement of a German at the idea of not blowing up all the buildings available." [Aug. 19] Obviously, it is the Germans that *he* considers to be not quite human. His rhetoric even becomes expansive with the amazing notion that blowing up buildings is "Nordically satisfying" [Aug. 19].

There are many strong and insightful criticisms that need to be made of the misuse of power around the world. But singling out one people as the eternal arch-evil is a mistake already made too often.

RICHARD C. DIETER

Biddeford, Maine

To the Editors: I am dismayed with Frank Getlein's proposed ultimate solution of the German question [Sept. 16]: "Captured, their fate should have been simply to be shot on sight. . . ." This groans with Hitlerian logic. Does he suggest Lieutenant Calley and his superiors should have been dealt with in the same manner?

THEODORE SNYDER

Novak on Novak

Bayville, N.Y.

To the Editors: While genially accusing me of McCarthyism, Peter Steinfels [June 20] (a) fails to mention the subject of my long column in the Washington *Star*, from which he quotes; (b) fails to observe the distinctions present in that article; (c) asks for further precise discussion, without noting that my column in the *Star* runs twice a week, and has treated the topic of the "new class" rather often; (d) not gone to other writings of mine—I am not exactly reticent—in search of just what I mean by the "new class;" and (e) not consulted other available work on the subject. If it is further "lucidity" he wants, he needn't lecture me before reading me, or others.

Last year, of course, some months before *Commonweal* printed a long section of the book by Kirkpatrick Sale on the theme, Peter wrote disdainfully of an earlier *Commonweal* column of mine on "patriots" and "cowboys"—a political development widely accepted now: the sharp cleavage between the real interests (and

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cultural styles) of "the Sun Belt" and "the Snow Belt." It has gotten to the point that when Peter attacks me I know I must be onto something, even if I get there too early. Peter always ends up being dragged along into the present: In his recent column, he urges that "the new class" be given the respect "ethnics" have won. Where was he when "ethnics" needed him?

In the *Star* column in question [Aug. 29, 1976—over a year ago!], my subject was not "the new class" but a new alignment both in the Republican and in the Democratic parties. I did use the sentences Peter cites, but not quite in the context or with the tone he gives them. [For anyone who wishes to see the full text, I will be happy to supply a free copy of the EMPAC newsletter #10—Box 48, Bayville, N.Y. 11709.]

My subject was the gap between political elites in the Democratic party (and in the Republican party) and their constituencies. I relied rather heavily on Jeanne Kirkpatrick's brilliant, long study, *The Presidential Elites*, which I cited. The "new class" has elites in both the Republican and Democratic party. I am as aware as Peter that many of the nation's top intellectuals are critical of "the new class," particularly of its more radical fringe in the Democratic party, and more exactly of its disproportionate role in the Democratic nominating convention. I was not generalizing about all educators, professors, or intellectuals. I wrote: "A useful historical name for the organized political movement of the left might be the Know Everythings. Many of them are in affluent professions, secular in their values and tastes and initiatives, indifferent to or hostile to the family, equipped with post-graduate degrees and economic security and cultural power. The 'new politics,' calling itself leftish, actually represents established power." (I had analogous words about the new class on the right.) Just as Peter wrote, the Democrats were holding a $1,000-a-plate dinner at the Waldorf—the Democrats!

I was describing—accurately, I be-

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THE SENATE AND ENERGY

For a quick few days in late September, it appeared that President Carter was about to go to the public on behalf of his energy program. The setting wasn't a White House drawingroom, and the costume wasn't a cardigan sweater. But if symbolism was subdued, urgency was not. Carter was threatening veto in West Virginia, cajoling in Washington, pleading in effect through camera's eye to the great beyond in defense of the wide-ranging proposals intended to relieve shortages and ease American dependency on foreign energy resources. Well he might have pleaded. The House had done well by his program, but the Senate had gutted utility-tax reform, the "gas-guzzler" tax idea, and coal-conversion requirements, was moving in on proposed taxing of industrial usages of oil and natural gas, and had launched into a filibuster for deregulation of natural gas prices. It was the deregulation possibility that brought on the threat of presidential veto.

Yet as Carter's strategy seemed to be taking form, it was dropped, almost as if the administration sensed the futility of what it was about. It is not surprising. Like it or not, energy is not a fair-weather issue, unless of course there is some queueing up at gas stations, which there happens to be none of at the moment. The public would have yawned more. Even the *New York Times* implicitly acknowledged the dullness of the energy story, when it moved it off page one for a few days and back to the business/finance section, as if the energy story qualified as news in terms of dollars and profits—which it does, although not primarily. Energy is rather a cold-weather issue, as it is then that supplies are the most vulnerable to demand and when the public feels most directly the effects of a shortage of any sort, as last winter when gas and heating-oil supplies dropped to emergency levels in many parts of the country forcing schools to close, factories to shut down, and businesses to curtail operating hours. The complication is in the natural resiliency of the individual. The first sunny days of spring whisk away the sting and the memory of winter

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shortages, and people by and large tend to relax through autumn in a comfort that is seasonal and in the long run illusory.

All of which is to say that there is nothing wrong with the Carter energy plan that went to the Senate except perhaps its timing. It should have reached there on a winter day, when thermostats were set at 60, and when even senators had to blow on their fingers for heat. An energy bill would receive then the more favorable action that Carter's plan in fact merited. For no question about it, the energy crisis is quite real in the long range. The country can get through another cold winter like last year's; the Federal Power Commission, for instance, judges heating supplies adequate even if the 1977-78 winter is 10 percent colder than normal. However the country cannot continue to gobble up energy as if resources were boundless. They are anything but. The Senate must realize this, yet it proceeds as if nothing greater were at stake than the effect of daylight saving time on the cows of Wisconsin.

Still the Senate isn't the only problem where energy proposals are concerned. The finger of criticism can be pointed up and down the board, from industry at one end (the pressures exerted by oil and gas companies against the Carter energy plan border on the scandalous), to vigilante, anti-developing groups at the other which see energy salvation through windmills, firewood, solar-energy converters and the like—all very quaint, but with the possible exception of solar energy, all geared to life in another century. The principal target of the latter groups is, of course, nuclear power and those scary plants that now provide 2.5 percent of the nation's total energy supply—not much, although it could be 11 percent by 1985 and appreciably more soon thereafter. No one minimizes the dangers inherent in nuclear-energy development; there are connected with it extremely serious problems of safety, environmental balances and waste disposal. But the task is to conquer these problems, not retreat before them as the dark ages did before pestilence and disease. So of course we view negatively such knee-jerk opposition to nuclear power as that of New Hampshire's Clamshell Alliance.

But the matter of the moment is not in Seabrook, N.H., but Washington, D.C., and in the spotlight is not the Clamshell Alliance or facsimile thereof, but the United States Senate. The Senate is going to arrive at some kind of energy bill, and may have by the time this is read. But it is going to have to ask its institutional conscience if this bill is all it should be. We fear the answer will shame it.

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE DOUBLE STANDARD

The questioning came abruptly to an end late Saturday afternoon, perhaps to give everybody a chance to salvage what there was left of a particularly lovely Washington weekend. When the gavel came down, Senator Percy had just finished saying, as he had been saying for a couple of hours and a couple of days before that, that what worried him was that it looked as if Bert Lance as a banker employed and benefited from a double standard, one way of banking for the customers, quite a different way for banker Lance, including life in a fiscal Potemkin's village with an awful lot of money that really wasn't there.

It's true that if I'd had a hundred dollars on deposit with Bert Lance's bank, I'd have run right down and got it out. On the other hand, if I'd owned some bank shares, I'd have bought more. On still a third hand—triple standard, no doubt—if Lance has made himself a millionaire largely by transmuting what for most of us is debt into what for him is a bunch of overdrafts, he may have been just what this country needed in its budget management. No national debt, just a whopping national overdraft. All this time I thought overdrafts—overdraughts, actually—were merely a literary device of the 19th century novel, like blushing and fainting.

There was no question here but that Lance turned in by far the best performance, which was fair enough since he certainly had the star role and incomparably the best director and play doctor, Clark Clifford. For television viewers, Lance came across as a lovable rogue; he was helped in this by a faint recollection of Huey Long in both face and accent, but even so that's quite an achievement for a banker. His principal antagonist, Senator Percy, meticulously created exactly the opposite character the star part required, the austere, even chilly advocate of righteousness, a pallid, implacable clergyman of some impossibly unworldly, intellectual sect.

The two were probably at their paired best when the Senator was taking the witness through his extremely interesting history of air travel, including the utterly delightful sequence of buying and selling the same aeroplane back and forth to and from a couple of banks, each transaction turning a personal profit as the machine's value, like that of some wine and all members of the Senate, increased with age. Here Percy went beyond the minister to become Cousin Sid interrogating Huck Finn about raftsmanship.

Exquisite character contrast was superbly maintained in every syllable, every facial expression, as the two

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proceeded, step by step, down the aerial itinerary from one Georgia football game to another. Was there a double standard being followed, we—and Lance—were asked in having a bank plane fly the banker and his family to these sporting events while the rest of us had to drive and have trouble finding a place to park? An interesting question, but one probably more apt to arouse envy than rage in the heart of the sports-loving television viewer.

Again, the implacable questioner inquired, were all these appearances at football games a legitimate business expense? I have to confess that, lover of righteousness that I am, Percy even lost me on that one. I know all too little about business and nothing at all about any sport except pocket billiards, but as a professional journalist I have read at least a couple of hundred of this country's newspapers at one time or another and I've never seen one that doesn't automatically put the sports news next to the stock quotations and business news. There is some mystically inner connection between football and finance intuitively understood by managing editors, who, as a class, don't really understand a great deal of anything, intuitively or otherwise. (Present company, naturally, excepted: Jack Deedy is not spiritually a managing editor, it's just that somebody has to do the job.) Obviously a Georgia banker looking for Georgia business can do no better than be prominently present at Georgia football games. Clearly the games would be a legitimate business expense legitimately reimbursed by the bank if Lance just went to them to be able to talk to his customers on Mondays. The business-sports connection is one of those disconcerting signs—like swimming pools and superhighways as national pastimes—that the United States is really the late Roman Empire, but that the connection exists cannot be doubted by anyone who's spent ten minutes in the company of businessmen. Football, apparently, is what they have instead of theater and by and large they probably get a better show, plus, of course, the fresh air and sunshine.

To return to the theater we were talking about, as always in superior drama, there were some ironies missed by all the characters but appreciated, as they are meant to be, by the audience. One of the best was daringly—and effectively—swiped from Graham Greene. In *The End of the Affair*, the narrator, in an act of deliberate cruelty, informs his poor, shabby private detective that the hero whose name the detective gave his son and apprentice, Lancelot, was not the one whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure, but rather an adulterer who betrayed his king. It's a chilling moment in the novel because we realize the narrator, jealous of goodness, is stepping into evil. The same bit of information worked no less surely on its audience here.

Senatorial questioning developed that Lance and his wife have a partnership company just between the two of them for certain investment reasons—Lance was vague on what they were—and that outfit was called, what else? "Lancelot and Company." Prescinding from the adulterous implications of the name, thrown into high relief when used for an arrangement between man and wife, we nevertheless note that Lancelot did indeed betray his political chief for the sake of an aggrandizement he found irresistible, namely Guinevere, and that, of course, is precisely what folks around town have been saying Lance himself had already done to Carter by accepting his appointment although covered by all those shadows. Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on your point of view, the *Morte d'Arthur* is apparently not on top of the bedside table books of members of the committee or of their staff, and nobody brought up the Greene-Malory connection. The company name, of course, can also be interpreted as giving Lance a lot and nobody said that either.

If statutory crime turns out to be involved—as it might in the use of that plane for political campaign purposes—that's something else, but I must say I was bemused by most of the questions and answers and the underlying assumption that we live in some kind of egalitarian society where everybody's treated alike, gets paid and not much else out of his job. Double standards? Of course we live by double standards. Big cheeses get the perks they do because they are big cheeses, not because of their beautiful blue eyes. What's the use of being a big cheese if you don't pick up a little something here and there? One of the most delightful experiences my wife and I ever had was doing our Christmas shopping straight down Fifth Avenue, from Bergdorf's to Altman's with a side trip to Bloomie's, in a DLP car belonging to a foreign friend then posted to the UN. We parked at store doors, carried out everything and loaded it into the trunk. It wasn't the sense of power or wealth, it was the sense of convenience. Suddenly and for just about the only time, having an automobile made sense in New York. Doctors are professional big cheeses and that's why they're allowed to double- and even triple-park along, appropriately, Park Avenue while conducting adulterous liaisons in the late afternoon. The Army and the Church, being ancient institutions, institutionalize these things. American business, conducted in a jovial, hail-fellow-well-met atmosphere of schoolboy democracy, has to be more informal and run through mental gymnastics about increasing a bank's business by flying in a company plane to a football contest.

Anyway, when it was all over, the Senators took the elevators down to their cars in the basement garage, the reporters walked the six or eight blocks to theirs, rejoicing that, on Saturday, they probably wouldn't have been ticketed.

FRANK GETLEIN

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AS I WAS SAYING . . .

PETER STEINFELS

Readers who enjoy TV reruns will relish the appearance of Michael Novak's comments [Correspondence, page 642] and the somewhat lengthy observations I am about to make. Others, perhaps, will prefer something more exciting, like the explanation of the "Classified" rates at the back of the magazine.

True devotees, of course, could disinter the comments I made previously on Michael Novak's style of argumentation. These appeared in November *1973*, which was *two years* before the Kirkpatrick Sale article of November *1975*—all of which Novak compresses into "Last year, of course, some months before. . . ." I mention this detail not to quibble—Mr. Novak is a Philosopher, to whom these matters are rightly trivial—but because it represents exactly the difference, perhaps between our temperaments, in any case between what we demand of political analysis.

In 1973 my complaint was not about "patriots" and "cowboys" specifically. I examined his use of those terms, as well as of "ethnic" and "Northeastern elite," as examples of a larger problem. "Less and less," I wrote about Novak's writings, are they "about individuals, issues, and interests which I can recognize . . . and more and more are they about cosmic confrontations between shadowy, collective actors: the 'new class' [see, I mentioned it even then!], the 'superculture,' the 'enlightened and affluent,' the 'urban ethnics,' the 'media elites,'" etc. I added that "Every time I try to get my finger on one of these agglomerations it slips away and changes shape"; and I concluded with de Tocqueville's warning, "An abstract term is like a box with a false bottom; you may put in it what ideas you please, and take them out again without being observed."

To this "fraternal correction," as Michael Novak termed it, he replied in good spirit, making a case for "mythical constructs" in political analysis. "The best we hope for," he went on, "are gradually more accurate myths, more intricate sub-plots."

Now I go all meek and respectful once references to "myth" and "symbol" start rolling around; and so, without even quite knowing it, I was susceptible to the heady wisdom of Mr. Novak. In my recent column, I did not reject the idea, the notion, the concept, or as he would have it, the "mythical construct," of a knowledge industry and a "new class." No, I simply requested that the myth be more accurate, the sub-plot a little more intricate. To back up this request, I attempted to demonstrate that the current notions were wildly distorted.

I did not, of course, intend, as Mr. Novak assumes in his points (c) and (d), to write a dissertation on "The Mythical Construct of the 'New Class' in the *oeuvre* of Michael Novak"; but only employed his Washington *Star* column as a fair example of the loose talk or loose myths that are rampant. It is one of the great sorrows of my life that I lack the time and stamina to follow the nuances of Novak's thought throughout his various writings and manifestations. Yet the column at hand made some rather definite statements. Novak saw fit to reprint them without appending, or referring to, his Collected Works. Are these statements accurate or inaccurate? That seems to me a question that can be settled in its own right—without trekking off "in search" of his meaning in some other (unspecified) localities.

It is true that I did not mention the subject of Novak's column. Had Novak been writing an essay on penguins and dragged the knowledge industry and "new class" into it, an occurrence I regard as distinctly possible, then it seems to me his animadversions on the latter topic might be scrutinized, without delving into his treatment of Antarctic fauna. But readers should know that Novak's subject was a favorite of his—the possible emergence of a new Democratic party.

At the risk of doing Mr. Novak an injustice by making my comments so much longer than his letter, I would like to examine this "subject" a little more closely, for its history illustrates the rhetorical slipperiness that de Tocqueville had in mind.

As far back as 1968 Novak proposed the remaking of the Democrats into a "vehicle of radical change." To this end he offered a five-step "strategy aimed at 1972 and 1976" that deserves quotation in full:

> (1) Refuse to support Humphrey and regular Democrats. (2) Support candidates of the new politics, whether Republican or Democrat. (3) Seek to bring Democrats and Republicans of liberal bent into common organizations. (4) Continue the radicalization of liberals through judicious confrontation politics—counting on Nixon and Humphrey to make the task easier. (5) Devise strategies and seek candidates who appeal to and lead the lower middle class.

Four years later Novak had changed his mind. By late 1972, in the wake of Senator McGovern's defeat, he was proposing nothing less than a "New Christian Democratic Party"—he still had something to fathom about the sensibilities of American Jews—and it is this proposal which he recasts periodically and which last year reemerged, in the column at issue, as the "Family Democratic Party."

To this reversal the question of the

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UNEQUAL BUT FAIR

DANIEL C. MAGUIRE

The morality of justice by quota

Oftentimes a Supreme Court decision does not just settle a dispute between isolated litigants but actually determines the shape of American societal existence for years to come. Of such enduring moment is the case of one Allan Bakke against the Regents of the University of California, which is now pending before the high court. The facts are these: Bakke was denied admission to the medical school of the University of California at Davis for the academic years commencing in September of 1973 and 1974. Bakke claims his rejections were due to the acceptance of less qualified minority applicants admitted under the University's special admissions program, and that this violated his rights under both the Fourteenth Amendment and the Civil Rights Act of 1964.

The University contends that Bakke would have been rejected whether or not there was a special admissions program. In the California trial court and in the California Supreme Court, the minority special admissions program was declared unconstitutional. The case is now before the Supreme Court of the United States.

Further relevant facts are these: between 1959 and 1974 the number of openings in first-year classes in American medical schools increased from 8,173 to 14,763 but the number of applicants jumped from 14,952 to 42,340. Thus, in 1970 54 percent of all applicants were rejected while in 1972 that percentage increased to 72 percent according to the *Journal of Medical Education*. In the two years before the University of California had a special admissions program only two blacks and one Mexican-American were admitted, whereas between 1970 and 1974, when the program was in effect, 33 Mexican-Americans, 26 blacks, and one American Indian were found qualified for admission.

Just to highlight this case, let me add a few hypothetical assumptions: let us suppose, what might well be true, that Allan Bakke as an individual is utterly unbiased in his dating and in his social and civic behavior, and that he has long been active in the fight for civil rights for women and minorities. Let us assume further (and this is a strained assumption) that the paucity of places in medical schools is *not* due to elitism and vested interest operating restrictively in the medical profession. Finally, let us assume that Allan Bakke would have been a better doctor than at least one of the minority students admitted at the time of his rejection. With all of this, it is my contention, and one that I submit is of foundational importance, that the exclusion of Bakke was fair and should be recognized as legally and constitutionally correct. In other words, the use of preferential quotas for certain minorities and women is morally and legally defensible.

The reason why this case is no private dispute between Bakke and the University Regents is that the solution will reveal what critical assumptions are ruling in this land regarding the nature of justice, of society and of personhood. It is a case that draws us inexorably to the foundations and brings us into crucial conflict with the dominant American ideology of invidious individualism. (For this reason it is sad that the issues here have so little engaged the minds of Christian, and especially Catholic, thinkers.)

Obviously the position I am defending on the Bakke case does not sit well with one and all. The arguments

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against it are out in force in the legal, social science, philosophical and popular literature. Some of the arguments are serious and reveal the complex depths of the issue; others are self-serving and strategically naive; a generous number are even absurd, but not unpopular.

Many of the more serious objections are pure bred from the stock of individualist thought. They run like this: when affirmative action turns to preference it violates the right of individuals to equal treatment. It constitutes "reverse discrimination," an evil means to a good end, repaying evil with evil. It gives to the wrong beneficiaries and exacts from innocent and inappropriate victims. It tolls the knell of blessed "meritocracy." It intrudes government objectionably into the intimacies of business and the academe. It offends the rights of the best-qualified to admission or employment.

In the arguments that manifest strategic naiveté, it is alleged that things were going fine before all this quota business came along. And anyhow (as the naiveté turns patronizing) quotas make blacks *et al* look bad as though they could not make it on the merit system as white males do. Now is not the time for impatience or statistical juggling. Trust the good laws of this good land and the white male establishment that is their keeper. That establishment, in its turn, promises to sin no more. (Relative to such, Professor James H. Hall of the University of Richmond comments: "You don't cheat at poker for the first six hours of the evening, taking nearly all the money of the other players, and then say (having been caught), 'Well, I'll be honest for the remainder of the night'.")

Beyond this, arguments dip into the absurd, urging among other things that race is an irrelevant category morally and legally, having significance only for the science of genetics. Or race is declared undefinable: What is a black? One whose African ancestry totals all, or one-half, or 1/32 of his endowment? Preferential affirmative action is compared to feudalism, Nazism, and even to the misdirected American militarism in Vietnam! It is said that such programs are attempting to establish race *alone* as a criterion for admission or hiring—raising the specter that the black pilot of your plane may be a skilled farmer who got this job in a quota draft. Also, it is averred, the quota system inevitably involves the hiring of unqualified doctors, lawyers and teachers. Finally, it is argued that everyone suffers from some kind of discrimination: fat people, short people, gay people, and maybe even people with green eyes. So once we start preferential treatment of offended groups, there is no end to the falling dominoes.

Many of these arguments, for all their righteous wrappings, are the new face of racism. Not surprisingly in this atmosphere, as law professor Derrick A. Bell of Harvard University writes, "There has been a sudden renewal of interest in theories that IQ accurately measures 'intelligence,' that 'intelligence' is inheritable, and that black children have less to inherit than whites do."

All of these arguments from the more ponderous to the absurd require fuller treatment than is possible in this format. Within this format, however, let me suggest the lineaments of the argument for preferential affirmative action and, in so doing, speak to the main points of the negative arguments. It is my contention that the United States moved into the preferential policies not only out of a belated sense of fairness (the judicial decisions and legal literature evince this), but also and significantly under the impetus of fear in the face of the black rage and civil turmoil of the 1960s. It did so, however, without checking the intellectual foundations of this policy. Now that rioting has been largely quelled, white power is retrenching, as ensconced power always has when the pressure is off. The tools of retrenchment are forged from fallacious renderings of the traditional categories of *equality* and *justice* and from a new and blooming love affair with "meritocracy," a tactical figment of the white male imagination. (I should confess that I, my two dear sons, and many of my other best friends are white males and that I have always enjoyed the preferential perquisites and quotas that go with being such.)

Equality and Justice

First to *equality*. Equality has long stood alongside liberty at the pinnacle of American idealism. In the Declaration of Independence and in the Fourteenth Amendment it achieved biblical status. Historically, equality has often served us well since it functioned as an antidote to pretensions of rank and to arbitrariness in governance. That is why it is so hard to break the news to the American faithful that equality is not always fair.

In the debate on preferential treatment, equality is the leading category. And that is a pity, because equality, like liberty, could thrive in a community of thieves. Equal is primarily a mathematical concept, not a moral concept. Only adaptively does it serve ethics and law—and then not always well. The debate on quotas is poisoned at its roots by the idea that equality is synonymous with fairness and justice. Quotas always involve unequal treatment, and if unequal is unjust, the debate is ended.

The cure for this confusion begins when you recognize that we accept many inequalities in society as fair. In fact, we accept many quotas with their intrinsic inequality as fair. These are the "good" quotas—that do not involve women or minorities. Professional schools for years have had unofficial quotas for the sons of alumni and generous benefactors, for veterans and for state residents. Universities have given unequal and

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preferential treatment to athletes. A school that was established to allow unequal and special education for the gifted would not be resented. The handicapped have a right to unequal, extra help from the state. Special schools for the handicapped or the gifted would be separate, unequal and fair. The loss of property through eminent domain does not affect all equally, nor are all incomes taxed at an equal percentage. It would be futile and unbelievable to suggest that appointments to the military academies are based on equal desert. A military draft that takes everyone born on a certain date but not those born the day after could be defended as fair but not as equal. Likewise, the assignment of one soldier to a desk job and another to perilous frontline duty could hardly be called equal, but it might be called fair. Unequal tax breaks to lure industry are generally defended.

Equality is not a term that is suited to handle all of the contextual complexity and relationality of matters moral or legal. The Fourteenth Amendment could only be conceived of as opposing *unfair inequality* which is based on arbitrariness and unfounded bias. *The basic question then is not whether there is equality but whether there is fairness.* And that brings us to *justice.*

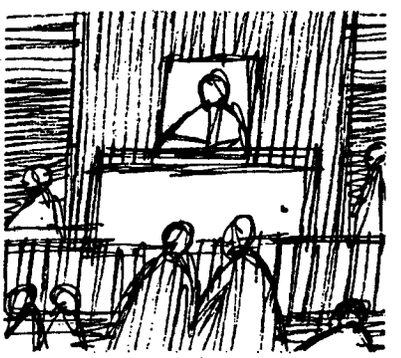
It is a shame that the United States does not welcome its immigrants with a statue of justice rather than with a statue of liberty. We might then be clearer on what justice entails. This is said not to slight liberty but to put it in its place. Liberty can be sleazy (cf. some of the concomitants of free trade and free love); justice is a work of the gods. Having said that, however, the question arises as to just what this virtue is which is the foundation of moral existence. And here is where we find an amazing lacuna in the debate on preferential policies.

Every argument in this debate is a predicate of one's conception of justice, but clarity regarding the nature of justice is not the hallmark of this debate. Often it is assumed that justice and equality are as one and it is regularly taken for granted that justice is something relating to individuals between whom specifiable torts or contracts have developed. If I stole your bicycle I owe you a bicycle's worth of restitution. If I have not harmed you or contracted with you I owe you nothing. This is the essential core of invidious individualism and it is the dominant demon of American social debate.

Definitions are tedious, but to attempt them is the price we must pay to rescue the mind from fuzzy mischief and sprawl. So since it is critical, gentle reader, do please bear with a brief definition of justice and its forms. Generically, justice is the *least* we can do in response to the value of persons. As Aristotle says, "when men are friends, they have no need of justice. . . ." But short of the eschatological victory of friendship and the consummation of justice in the superior dynamism of love, justice tells us what we owe to persons at least in a minimal way. There are three forms of justice: *commutative justice, distributive justice* and *legal justice.* All three forms involve rendering to others what is their due. Commutative justice renders what is due in relationships between individuals; distributive justice directs the fair distribution of goods and burdens to the citizens by those who represent the state; legal justice represents the debts of the individual to the social whole or the common good. In each case persons are rendering what is due to others.

No one form of justice can be stressed to the point of repressing another form. All three serve in concert to create the basis for moral existence. If you fixate on commutative justice, and this is the American penchant, you have an atomistic, asocial conception of personhood. On the other hand, a radically collectivist anthropology would downplay commutative justice and submerge the individual into the collectivity. Pure collectivism and pure individualism do not exist, but operant biases can be discerned, as in American individualism or in Maoist collectivism. Both biases seek an unnatural release from the essential paradoxical tension between individual and social claims.

That, briefly, is justice. Justice, like God, is not yet "all in all." It remains an ideal. That raises *restitution*



to the level of a primatial work of justice. Since justice is broadly denied, restitution is broadly necessary. Traditionally, restitution has been considered mainly or only in terms of commutative justice. That, I submit, is an unbearable error. That we owe restitution at the level of commutative justice to those individuals we have specifically offended should be obvious. Conceptually, however, there is no reason why restitution would not be also due because of failure at the level of legal and distributive justice. By legal justice, citizens owe to the social whole an atmosphere free of insult and systemic unfairness. While this has not been achieved, the just citizen cannot be at peace. Even if the citizen is guilty of no interpersonal offense (commutative justice), he owes a debt to legal justice by the very nature of his social personhood. Here the guilt is the guilt of omission, the guilt of not having done enough, of not having cared enough, the guilt of not having been re-

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sponsive enough or creative enough in the face of gruesome social evil. In the matter of American racism, the white who would claim to be without such guilt is, in the phrase and spirit of the Apostle John, "a liar."

Regarding distributive justice, it would seem at first blush that it is the concern only of those who rule. Thomas Aquinas, however, sees an error in this. The citizens as well as the prince are the subjects of the virtue of distributive justice because "they are pleased and satisfied (*sunt contenti*) with a just distribution." Moving off from this idea we may also infer that if the citizens are the beneficiaries of an unjust distribution and have done little or nothing about it until prodded by the dispossessed, they are also quite *contenti* and are implicated in distributive *injustice*. In other words, they are guilty of having lent legitimacy to the unjust distribution of goods and bads. Here too restoration and restitution are owed. American whites, conveniently emplaced within the perspectives of commutative justice, need this message. Much (not all) resistance to preferential policies is resistance to the demands of legal and distributive justice.

Preferential Quotas

Is my conclusion, therefore, that all offended groups should line up for preferential quotas? Obviously not. All groups may in some way be offended and if all are preferred, none is preferred. A preferential quota should be a last resort, used only in the absence of alternatives, and then not as a permanent expedient. Preferential treatment of any group is *prima facie* morally suspect.

To qualify for such treatment and to overcome the suspicion, there are five conditions that must be verified. These are: 1) the prejudice against the group must have reached the ultimate insult of depersonalization; 2) the prejudice must be of an especially contumacious sort because of longstanding reenforcement by religious and cultural myths; 3) there must be exclusion from the social centers of power; 4) the group members must be visible as such; 5) there must be no less drastic alternative relief available.

Blacks most obviously fulfill each of these tests. 1) The history of blacks in America is the history of radical insult and depersonalization. They were brought here as chattel. The ideals of the founding fathers and their documents did not include blacks. The Continental Congress computed them as three-fifths of a person. Mr. Chief Justice Taney of the United States Supreme Court observed in the Dred Scott decision in 1857 that for a century before the Declaration of Independence, blacks had "been regarded as beings of an inferior order, and altogether unfit to associate with the white race, either in social or political relations; and so far inferior, that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect; and that the negro might justly and lawfully be reduced to slavery for his benefit." Taney adds that "This opinion was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race." He then went on to present the decision that not even freed slaves were citizens of the United States.

The insulting belief in the inferiority of blacks has survived the abolition of slavery. As Professor Bell writes, "there are few whites who at some level of their being do not believe that whites are superior, and even fewer blacks who do not recognize that feeling and resent it." The grisly facts of the enduring black plight give proof of that feeling. Racism does not stay hidden in the heart. It translates into policy. Black unemployment is still double that of whites and black income is less than 60 percent of that of whites. Little more than 1 percent of the nation's lawyers are black and similarly gross underrepresentation is present in the other professions and positions of status and power. The Supreme Court has acknowledged the "built-in headwinds" and the "artificial, arbitrary, and unecessary barriers to employment" that operate against blacks. Then, having blocked their access to work, we call them "shiftless" and "lazy," or, when they rebel, "lawless." (Regarding the alleged indolence of blacks, a black friend once said to me, "Show me the white man who wants to work so bad that he will clean your toilet bowl or shine your shoes.") Blacks are likely to have the menial, most unstable and lowest-paying jobs and are the first victims of any economic recession. And so, having set up the "headwinds" to deter black employment, we then go on to resent the welfare they require for minimal undignified survival. This suggests that white America would be satisfied only if blacks went the way of the Indians—into extinction or onto reservations.

In general American society still does not seem to consider the black to be five-fifths of a person. In subtle and unsubtle ways the depersonalization of the black goes on. Racism is still in the saddle, scarcely jostled by the gentle forays of reform. Perhaps most indicative of depersonalizing racism is the enduring cultural resistance to miscegenation. Remarkably, it was only ten years ago in *Loving v. Virginia* that the Supreme Court ruled anti-miscegenation laws unconstitutional and even then legislatures did not rush to repeal anti-miscegenation measures!

2) The debasement of blacks is not like the comparatively superficial prejudice against new immigrants prior to their assimilation. Anti-black prejudice is empowered by cultural and religious myth. The American story is marked by what Stanley Elkins in *Slavery* calls "the most implacable race-consciousness yet observed in virtually any society." Starting with slavery, an incultured syllogism intimated to white consciousness that, in Elkins's words, "All slaves are black; slaves

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are degraded and contemptible. . . . That the black as a species was thus contemptible seems to follow by observation." Slavery was the myth-bearer of black degradation and the myth survived abolition.

Christian religion played an unholy role. John T. Noonan, Jr. writes: "Slavery in the Western world which lasted until little more than a century ago owed its beginnings to the men of Spain, Portugal, France, the Netherlands and England, all nations molded by Christian thought." Religion alone does not explain the etiology of slavery, but myths that are nourished at religious sources have a peculiar and enduring potency. Anti-black prejudice was fortified by distorted theologies of selective covenant and by notions of inherited status which made it easier for religious bigots to believe that the sons of Ham were truly condemned by God to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Christian theology owes reparation to black Americans. These debts are as yet outstanding.

3) The deprivation of blacks at the critical level of power and status is manifest. Power is not black in the corporations, the Congress, the major religions, the temples of finance, the professions, the law-enforcement establishment, or in the writing of history. Exclusion from power is the bitter nadir of poverty.

4) Blacks, like women, are visible as such. They cannot hide and slip over into the dominant power as many other disadvantaged group members can do. This too defines their plight.

5) Finally, the blacks lack alternatives to preferential relief. The repeated failure of voluntary measures shows that stronger and enforceable remedies are needed.

After World War II some efforts were made to correct the rampant effects of American racism. The efforts, however, were largely spineless. Neither the state fair employment practice laws, the executive orders of various presidents, or the judicial efforts under the National Labor Relations Act were notably effective. The "Plans for Progress," a voluntary plan of major corporations to improve minority opportunity, was eventually revealed as a sham and a shield for privilege. And even the Supreme Court, which has made some major helpful decisions, ruled in *Milliken v. Bradley* in 1974 that Detroit's suburbs were immune to the desegregation of Detroit's schools which were already 65 percent black, thus ensuring continued white flight. With the Nixon appointees voting as one, the Court said that the broad metropolitan plan integrating inner-city and suburban children was not justified. The suburban camp-followers were home free! In this decision separate schools for blacks were thus re-endorsed through the suburban subterfuge. Add to all this that the most recent statistics indicate that black unemployment is now almost back to the post-World War II high. Not satisfied, white power now wants to take away quotas which are one of the only enforceable remedies. "If individual blacks have complaints," many say, "let them litigate under the current laws." Given the expense and time required to litigate, many blacks might well feel that "let them litigate" is the modern "let them eat cake."

Summing Up

Conclusions: Allan Bakke was treated unequally but not unjustly in being excluded from medical school even if it could be shown that it was the minority program and not the glut of qualified applicants that did him in. To enter such schools today, many are qualified but few are chosen. Both qualification and selection are based on many factors and not just on fallible, limited and culturally biased testing systems. The goal of all preferential quotas is not the admission or the hiring of the unqualified but the goal is the ending of the systemic and unfair exclusion of persons from certain groups. Many factors make you qualified. One's race or sex could add to one's qualifications, making for a richer mix of experience in the professional school and greater good for the community afterwards. It would provide role models to stimulate minority children, and in the case of medicine, it would provide minority doctors who are more likely to work in minority areas and to do research on special minority health problems. There can, of course, be no quotas for graduation. It would be a miscarriage of justice and truth to declare the incompetent competent.

Furthermore, no one has a *right* to be a doctor or a lawyer or a shop steward. But society does have a right to break recalcitrant monopolies by enforcing inclusive, ennabling quotas. (Exclusive, disabling quotas such as were used in the *numerus clausus* approach against Jews, have no moral standing.) If vested interest is holding tight and there is no other way to break the logjam, enforced quotas are a work of distributive and also of legal justice.

Quotas for blacks need not and should not be eternal. Rutgers Professor of Law Alfred W. Blumrosen dares to be specific. He argues that when black unemployment is no longer double that of whites "but runs at one and one-half to one, when the median income levels of minorities is 80 to 85 percent rather than 60 to 70 percent that of whites, and when the occupational distribution is half as skewed as it is now, we will have squeezed out of the society the worst effects of discrimination. . . . The use of quotas will then become inappropriate."

The cry for "meritocracy" is the height of hypocrisy. As Howard A. Glickstein of the Center for Civil Rights at Notre Dame writes: "If there were some foolproof litmus test for determining merit, perhaps I would be fearful of tampering with the system. But the rules have been so rubbery in the past that I be-

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come a bit suspicious when a new rigidity is demanded as women and minorities appear at the gates." The inherent gall of this new and pious insistence on merit is that the white male aristocracy is implying that it is dominant through desert!

If the Supreme Court rules in favor of Allan Bakke, justice will not have been served—however the "majestic generalities" of the Constitution are twisted to make the point. He who wills the end of justice must will the means necessary to that end. Because of that, indifference on the Bakke case is damning.

Voluntary programs to help blacks or other systematically excluded groups will not turn the tide of discrimination. Quotas are a necessary means to the good end of justice. He who wants justice without sacrifice does not love justice at all. If we white Christians who hold power in this land could love enfleshingly as we ought, if our eyes peered out from scarred black flesh at the contemporary retrenchment of white power, we could only with difficulty believe that the "goodly people" of white America are the pure of heart who will see God or that they are the hungerers and thirsters after justice who will know the plentitude of God's Kingdom.

AN ACADEMIC PROFILE

ELEANOR B. WYMARD

Laywomen in women's Catholic colleges

Not too early in the history of the College of New Rochelle, one of the first women's Catholic colleges in the United States (1904), a young woman instructor—if married and pregnant—knew not to expect the renewal of her teaching contract. Men faculty who were heads of households received beyond their salaries, however, an annual $400 bonus for each child. The good-hearted discrimination of the "Living Family Allowance" won the favor of the Ford Foundation. Citing New Rochelle's "special leadership . . . in improving faculty status and compensation of college teachers," the Foundation granted the College $395,000, July 1, 1956, to be distributed over three years.

Such anecdotes from an antique past are legion on the campuses of women's Catholic colleges. Elevated to nostalgic fables, they celebrate the rites of innocence before Vatican II, the Bundy Act and Feminism. But the important irony about the Ford Foundation grant is more profound than obvious. The capital gift was the beginning of New Rochelle's $1,200,000 endowment which encouraged financial independence. In the words of one New Rochelle alumna and senior administrator: "We no longer had to wait for Reverend Mother to make up her mind. Openness results when a college does not depend upon the religious order for financial support." Among New Rochelle's present administrators are Katherine Henderson, Ph.D., Academic Dean, mother of three young children, and Joan Bristol, Dean of Students, mother of one child and expecting another.

That a woman must come out for motherhood in order to be a dean, vintage 1977, at the College of New Rochelle, is not, however, the point to anticipate. From talking and sharing experiences at nine women's Catholic colleges, my discovery is that their governance structure is not expressed by a single model. These colleges exist on a continuum from the classic to the independent. Laywomen on their faculties, moreover, have strong convictions about possibilities for leadership and self-expression, as well as opportunities for academic growth. Patterns emerge in their responses, dependent upon how the professor perceives her college in the continuum from classic to independent. Quite simply, "Where, oh where's the Reverend Mother?" connotes either a sense of invisible convent power or its absence.

How did I, a Ph.D. in American literature, accustomed to chasing white whales and tolerating ambiguity, come to arm myself with an inscrutably tangled tape in order to preserve the words of laywomen faculty and religious presidents of women's Catholic colleges? I became aware of the need for more information regarding the professional development, upward mobility and personal aspirations of such faculty when I was invited to react to the preliminary designs for a "Developmental Conference for Women Faculty Members and Women Academic Administrators" at Chatham College, March 29, 1977. Co-sponsored by Chatham and the Higher Education Resource Service (HERS), Mid-Atlantic, the conference proposed to provide participants—academic women from every type

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of college and university in our region—with usable skills and strategies for altering their professional situations, if they so desired. When applied to academic laywomen teaching in women's Catholic colleges, a crucial statement from the working papers struck me as presumptuous: "We are employed by institutions and function within a number of sub-units within those institutions—departments, committees, task forces. . . . If we are to make the most of our time, energy and training, we must be aware of these structural demands and *of the options open to us.*" (Italics mine.)

What are the options, indeed, for laywomen on the faculties of women's Catholic colleges? My own experience defined only a paucity of choices. To frame a response, I decided to seek the perceptions of colleagues representing a sampling of women's Catholic colleges from Boston to Milwaukee. Because *options* is an important word in the rhetoric of the women's movement, I chose to visit those colleges which particularly use the vocabulary of liberation.

The College of New Rochelle educates "women today—for tomorrow."

Mundelein "is convinced that every student's future as a woman should be taken seriously."

Trinity "in its seventy-six years as a college stands dedicated to meeting the educational needs of women."

Alverno is "for women—women of all ages."

Emmanuel "offers its students a unique opportunity to explore the role of women in society."

Seton Hill is a "place where women lead."

Rosemont confirms the need for "educated Catholic women 'to meet the wants of the age.' "

Carlow respects "a woman [as] more than a grown-up girl."

The College of Notre Dame of Maryland publishes *Options,* an information sheet for continuing-education students.

Do the women who teach the "women of all ages" think about their own options? In an effort to discover just what options are open to academic laywomen in women's Catholic colleges and how aware women are of these options, I wrote to the presidents of the previously listed colleges requesting interviews with them and also with three laywomen professors whose leadership is recognized on campus. Before my visit I provided sample questions. All of the presidents spoke openly and warmly with me. Many of them were courageous, indeed, in choosing the professors whom I would interview. Frequently, I ferreted out other stimulating faculty women, and the presidents often arranged for me to meet interested administrators and staff. Only at Marymount-Manhattan was it impossible to cross a bevy of secretaries to schedule an appointment with Colette Mahoney, RHSM, the only president who did not respond to my letter. The President of Rosemont College, Ann Marie Durst, SHCJ, thought it wise to cancel my visit because of the resignation of the Academic Dean. "Your subject is complex enough without adding variables," Sister Ann Marie admitted in a lengthy phone conversation.

I interviewed nine college presidents and 35 laywomen, including 25 professors, one academic dean, two deans of students and seven staff administrators. By focusing on laywomen faculty within women's Catholic colleges, my discoveries will eventually contribute, I hope, to a more comprehensive understanding of the academic woman. Based on these interviews, I have found, however, that the role of the laywoman inside the women's Catholic college is in a state of flux. My observations reveal a flow of experiences difficult to crystallize into hardened polarities and either/or categories. The career aspirations of academic laywomen are compatible, nevertheless, with the role involvement permitted to them by the governance structure of the individual college.

Specifics

The by-laws of Mundelein College (Chicago, 1930), which were changed two years ago, entrust ownership to the Board of Trustees and no longer stipulate that the College president must be a Sister of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Tina Stretch, the thirty-two-year-old Director of Mundelein's Week-End College-offers without temerity that her ambition is to become the first laywoman president of Mundelein. Her goal will change only if she grows more disenchanted with the less than academic demands now placed upon college presidents. Within a more closed structure, the self-expression of Tina Stretch would be interpreted, I suspect, as a Faustian thirst. Academic laywomen label themselves, then, as anywhere between "presidential candidates" to "loyal retainers." Their goals seem to reflect not only the traditional values of academic excellence, but also the opportunities open to them by the governance of the individual college. Further research is required, of course, to validate my personal findings.

Although a single model does not exist for the structure of the women's Catholic college, their distinctions on the continuum are often very close. Sameness does not dilute their uniqueness; yet uniqueness does not diminish the sameness of their shared experiences. It is common parlance that the social revolutions of the sixties profoundly influenced the world of higher education, but women's Catholic colleges were affected doubly by the decisions of Church and State. While the spirit of Vatican II inspired religious communities to evalute the expression of their apostolic commitments, the burgeoning of federal financing baited them to dispel the clouds of ownership blanket-

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ing their affiliated colleges.

In 1968, Alverno College (Milwaukee, 1951) elected, for example, its first lay Board of Trustees. The original 15-member Board has expanded to 25 lay persons, but the five elected representatives from the School Sisters of St. Francis have diminished to two. The Corporation consists of Members (SSSFs) and Directors (the Board of Trustees). The Members, whose functions President Joel Read, SSSF, describes as similar to those of a "holding corporation," appoint two sisters from the congregation to the Board of Trustees, and receive an annual report on fiscal and academic policies. Veto power over basic decisions, such as sale of land or the liquidation of the College, is also held by the Members of the Corporation.

Similar to Alverno's, the Board of Trustees of Emmanuel College (Boston, 1919), having been composed entirely of Sisters of Notre Dame of Namur, also divided in the early seventies. Different from the Alverno model, however, the President of the College chairs, *ex officio*, the meetings of the Members of the Corporation, who also are charged with electing all persons to the Board of Trustees.

The by-laws of Alverno do not stipulate that an SSSF must be president, whereas Emmanuel designates that a president is to be elected from the religious congregation at large. A laywoman began as academic dean at Emmanuel College, June 1, 1977. An elaborate search committee, working for a year under Claire Lang, Ph.D., Chair of Sociology, recommended Mary Ann T. Burns, Ph.D., former Academic Dean at Wilson College.

Variations exist to the left and right of these basic systems represented by Alverno and Emmanuel. Even if faculty verbally fumble at disentangling such structures, the career aspirations of academic laywomen are ultimately influenced by them.

Mary Schmidt, S.C., retired President of Seton Hill College (Greensburg, Pa., 1918), charmingly dismisses their charter changes in 1969 as the alteration of a few words competently handled by a local attorney. "We simply had to rename the composition of the Board from the three major superiors plus two elected members of the religious community to 'the Board of Trustees shall comprise fifteen lay persons and fifteen Sisters of Charity, Seton Hill.' The only other thing we had to do was to dissolve the College Corporators, all sisters, who met perfunctorily once a year to hear the president's report." Then the pinch. "But it was final control, of course, in the long run." By dissolving the College Corporators, the Sisters of Charity were nominally conceding final control. The academic dean at Seton Hill at that time, Jacinta Mann, S.C., describes the transition as "tense." The successor to Sister Mary Schmidt, Eileen Farrell, former Director of Personnel Administration at Hofstra University, became the first laywoman President of Seton Hill College, June 1, 1977.

Whether or not the various by-laws allow a laywoman to be appointed president, provost, or academic dean is not the important criterion by which faculty define an "open" or "closed" system. Although the possibility of such rewards encourages some women and the impossibility exasperates others, all are angered by structures which eliminate search committees and faculty advice for major administrative offices. An "open" system operates where elected search committees act, and where members from sponsoring religious communities are elected for their expertise to boards of trustees rather than placed in seats by virtue of their administrative offices within the religious congregation.

The Search Process

Searches may be elaborate or simple; in-house or national. Shortly after Sister Mary Schmidt became President of Seton Hill in 1971, during the worst of financial times, the faculty appreciated her request for letter-ballots before appointing Colette Toler, S.C., as Academic Dean. When Ann Ida Gannon, BVM, the well-known President of Mundelein College, retired two years ago, an elected committee which represented all of the constituents, advertised nationally, received over 150 applications, and discovered Susan Rink, BVM, then Academic Dean. Similar search committees function at Trinity, Rosemont and Emmanuel where they focus, however, on the appropriate religious congregations because their by-laws stipulate that presidents must be members of the sponsoring religious community. The by-laws of Alverno College express careful guidelines, on the other hand, for a future presidential search without implying or assuming a School Sister of St. Francis.

Search committees for major administrative positions have not operated, however, at Carlow College (formerly Mt. Mercy, Pittsburgh, 1929), but Jane Scully, RSM, beginning her eleventh year as President, pledges that unwritten policies about the selection of administrative officers will be clarified before she leaves office. Carlow is an anomaly in my sampling of colleges. Not only have laypersons always outnumbered religious on the Board of Trustees, but two laypersons from the Board are also elected to full membership on the Board of Corporators. Yet baffling contradictions exist at Carlow. Although the organization of the Board of Trustees and the Board of Corporators approaches the avant-garde, so far as the lay faculty is concerned the decision-making process is wrapped in mystique because it has not been codified for public explanation.

At the College of Notre Dame of Maryland (1895), governance seems to rest firmly in the hands of the President. By-laws indicate that the President shall appoint administrative officers, but the quick-witted President, Kathleen Feeley, SSND, points out that the method of selection is not stated. Never having operated a search

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committee, Sister Kathleen admits the possibility of forming one when the occasion demands. The 23-member Board of Trustees of the College of Notre Dame is composed of 15 lay members and eight School Sisters of Notre Dame, and is chaired by the provincial leader of the religious congregation. *The President's Report 1975-1976* indicates "the contributed services of the School Sisters of Notre Dame who served as faculty, administrators, and staff members . . . are valued at $473,783."

Perhaps the best definition of an "open" system is implied in a remark by Rose Ann Fleming, SND, President of Trinity College (Washington, D.C., 1897). "A college cannot have a kind of twofold existence," she contends. "A religious order certainly has to exercise protective controls, but a president can't also be talking to someone on the side." Trinity College, federally chartered, exists as a corporation separate from the religious congregation. Even property decisions are made by the Board of Trustees. The laywomen faculty and administrators with whom I spoke agree that hidden agendas are not suspected to exist between congregation and campus. While stressing a deep commitment to the values of Catholic higher education, no one at Trinity presupposes that a gossamer trunk line needs to connect the president's office to reverend mother's parlor in order to ensure maintenance of the founders' goals.

A president may or may not be "talking to someone on the side," but where boards of corporators meet frequently, and/or the religious community comprises more than one-half the members of the board of trustees, and/or search committees are scarce, and/or religious faculty live in campus residences shared with administrators from the congregation—the lay faculty sense the workings of a phantom authority beyond the visible structure of the college governance. Two faculty members from the search committee which recommended the appointment of Eileen Farrell as President of Seton Hill offer important insights. After having defined criteria for the position, they recognized the need for bringing to campus an objective person, one particluarly sympathetic to the aims of Catholic education but free from the suspicion of invisible entanglements. Eileen Farrell is, however, an alumna, class of '46.

Dorothy Kelly, OSU, now President of the College of New Rochelle for five years, refers to the "endless hours" she spent in the late 60s explaining and untangling convent and college relationships, which by then had accumulated seventy years of layered history. Seated in her tastefully appointed Williamsburg office, Sister Dorothy colorfully admits "bearing scars" from those difficult days. Early in her term when hard economic decisions had to be made regarding overstaffed departments, Sister Dorothy won the confidence of lay faculty. Contracts were not renewed for five untenured faculty, but two of them were Ursuline Sisters. Existing as a corporation separate from the Convent of St. Theresa, the Ursuline community which lives on the same campus, CNR receives from it an annual but modest financial gift of about $15,000. Laywomen professors with whom I spoke at CNR express incredulity that "convent politics" could possibly touch their professional lives.

On another campus, a professor who understands curriculum but has no ambitions for administration, refers to "convent politics." Choosing words carefully, she analyzes: "I sense that our administrative structure, i.e., not only the offices themselves but the process by which administrative decisions are made, definitely favors religious, thus preventing me from ever being a dean. I don't know the process, but I sense 'big decisions' are made out of the convent with consultation with board of trustees and our academic administration. I have the feeling things come down from the top, the top being convent authorities. That movement from top down therefore impedes any movement I may wish to make up. I work with that system as best I can."

Laywomen professors who have earnestly admitted to me their thwarted options to be academic deans continue to teach on the same campuses with resignation, although my suspicion is that the very angry ones have grown weary and left. One woman poignantly confesses, "It was a bad mistake my coming here." "How can you stand it, then?" I asked. "I can no longer. I am going to leave," she answered.

The self-initiation of academic laywomen rather corresponds, then, to the permissions and prohibitions—written and unwritten—of the college governance structure. For those who tolerate more prohibitions than permissions, perhaps adaptation is the best way to handle the potential conflict between self-effacement and self-realization.

Space for Decisions

To imply from these interviews, however, that laywomen professors who teach within "open" structures aspire to be deans and/or presidents is absurd. They simply have the space to make free and informed decisions about their futures. They enjoy no more than what the rhetoric of the women's Catholic college promises to the women students whom these women professors teach. A deep conviction shared by many of them, in fact, is that academic officers should be women religious, thus assuring the character of Christian values and the representation of the Catholic image. Without the Sisters, after all, the college would not exist. Laywomen professors on campuses where strong tradition excludes them from high academic posts are often more caustic: "The college belongs to them. I suppose they should run it."

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The problem of upward mobility for academic laywomen is cluttered, too, by the reality of financial constraints. A variety of arrangements exists between colleges and congregations regarding the salaries of religious women faculty and administrators. Some colleges mail the monthly checks directly to the congregation and receive a yearly percentage or gift; on other campuses, paper salaries are returned directly to the college, with religious faculty receiving small stipends.

Sister Ann Marie Durst, SHCJ, affirms there is no reluctance from the Society of the Holy Child Jesus to encourage women lay faculty to assume administrative roles at Rosemont College (Rosemont, Pa., 1922) when talent or interest have not been generated within the religious community. In order to develop a pool of qualified administrators, Rosemont has begun an internship program whereby SHCJs can learn the operation of campus offices. Members of the order are urged to apply for middle administrative posts, but lay faculty and administrators, Sister Ann perceives, have no fear about their positions being usurped. Unfortunately, I have no reaction from laywomen faculty to this policy because of my canceled visit.

With similar candor, Sister Kathleen Feeley admits that the College of Notre Dame of Maryland "could not be one of such academic standard if we all of a sudden were paying full salaries to everybody." Posing the hypothetical situation of a vacancy in the office of academic dean, Sister Kathleen claims she would form a search committee and invite applications from within and without the College. If six strong applicants emerged, among them being one well-qualified SSND, Sister Kathleen comments, "All other things being equal (which they never are), it certainly would be to our advantage to have an SSND simply because it would be mean $23,000 contributed services instead of paying a $26,000 salary to the person. I don't think we ever forget that. But that recognition would never in any way permit me or encourage me to select somebody not competent for the job."

The fear lay faculty have for their jobs is an existing reality. The pragmatic financial exigencies make many lay faculty acutely aware that they could be replaced more economically by religious. The apprehensions of faculty are best admitted and expressed by Frances McCarthy, SND, former professor of German at Trinity College, who begins her third year as President of Emmanuel College: "I am realizing recently a kind of latent fear which I never expected to find among lay faculty. Fears are stimulated from a tight financial situation, which we are now coming out of. Lay faculty fear that the Sisters have more power than we ever could be able to exercise because of the checks and balances of the College governing structure. Ultimate power to liquidate the College, of course, is with the Board of Corporators." Again, the pinch.

Financial constraints stimulate fear among all faculty, and laywomen professors are sensitive to its effect on upward mobility and scholarly fulfillment. "Certainly religious faculty contribute financially in a way others don't, but the monetary is only one segment of a college," cautions Susan Rink, BVM. "A very practical concern for me is that few BVMs are pursuing Ph.Ds for careers in higher education. I am loath even to suggest that values of Sister faculty are superior to laywomen faculty. The climate of Mundelein is very favorable toward a laywoman president." Mundelein has also funded academic laywomen to pursue graduate degrees for new programs. Such generosity would startle professors elsewhere who claim to have witnessed miracles of money created for the academic aspirations and workshop wunderlust of religious faculty when the coffers are otherwise bare.

Laywomen faculty in women's Catholic colleges feel valued, however, by religious administrators. From Alverno College, Lucy Cromwell, Chair, English Department, speaks for the majority of my interviews by stressing the opportunities she has had to develop professionally because her abilities are taken seriously and often prematurely challenged. Professors who have been frosted by experiences described earlier cherish their unhampered freedom, nonetheless, to develop curriculum and expand programs. Neither is it a problem for laywomen to be department heads, for they hold these positions on every campus. Carlow College is again an anomaly without the option of a rotating system. Sisters of Mercy and men chair all departments, except Nursing.

The supportive atmosphere described by Lucy Cromwell is articulately assessed from another viewpoint by a psychology professor who considers leaving her campus because of being " 'too comfortable.' A matriarchial structure provides nurturance but I am afraid I could stay forever and not grow anymore. I have had nothing but appreciation and positive reenforcement, but it's like staying too long within family." Of the 35 laywomen whom I interviewed, ten of them are graduates who have returned to their campuses. Five years ago, a senior project by a continuing-education student at Alverno caught the eye of Sister Joel Read. Impressed with Sylvia Murn's creative research, Sister Joel hired her to work with a professional consultant to start an Office of Development. Sylvia Murn learned by doing, and now she is Director of Development at Alverno, a unique position for a woman in higher education. At worst, such a process is called "inbreeding"; at best, it is the closest imitation women have to the successful "Old Boy Network." Only in convents have strategies been so sharpened to discover and develop feminine talent. Indeed, most laywomen faculty express gratitude for the professional support of a religious mentor and value private friendships. It is the rare laywoman, nonetheless, who feels herself trusted by religious colleagues

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to the point of experiencing deep community.

In "closed" institutions feelings of estrangement are attributed to the belief that Sister faculty are privy to decisions that remain secret to the laywoman, thus allowing the religious woman power over her. But suspicion also hovers in "open" systems. At the end of two separate interviews, for example, young women who were positive about their colleges, asked why I thought they had been selected by their respective presidents. These promising professors perceived themselves blessed by a small group of creative, scholarly Sisters, who, in many small ways, were somehow (secretly) forwarding their careers.

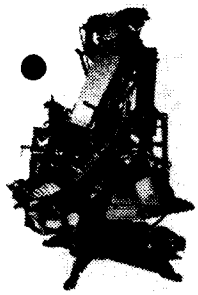
My interviews convinced me that future research on the woman academic cannot be careless of her experience on the campuses of women's Catholic colleges. The issue of the laywomen professor and upward mobility has generally been raised in a framework of patriarchy. Little is known about how women accept responsibility for their own lives when reacting to a controlling matriarchy. The women's Catholic college is a microcosm for studying this phenomenon, but only the tip of the iceberg. It is the visible totem of historically complex political relationships among women of genius, assertiveness, and vision who have lived and died in convents. Until the psychodynamics of the sponsoring religious community is exposed, probed, and written, no one can possibly understand how Sisters of the past (and present) were (and are) anointed college presidents and deans, and why other talented Sisters were (and are) screened out for such positions. Only when that complex story is told and analyzed will it finally be clear why the role of the laywomen academic so fluctuates in parallel institutions.

Ironically, laywomen professors are generally unaware of the policies of similar colleges. We live on private *cul-de-sacs*. It is as surprising for laywomen academics at Carlow College to know that search committees operate on other campuses as it is for faculty at New Rochelle to know that search committees are not standard procedure. But I am not calling my colleagues to caucus. I am encouraging, however, the concept that women's Catholic colleges should share their strengths and emerge from isolationism with each other. We should share experiences and expertise in positive ways with professorial exchanges, seminars, faculty and student internships. The future of the women's Catholic college is too critical for us not to be learning more practically from each other. We should be trading our skills, consciousness and knowledge in order to enrich the life of each campus.

Interviewing at the various colleges, I was startled at the complete willingness of all the women to contribute to my project. No one was angry about having had her experiences neglected, but each was happy to have them discovered. It was time that we had met.

MARK RUDD RETURNS

PRESS



Mark Rudd came home a few weeks ago, back from a seven-year tour of parts unknown. No doubt he asked himself, in his final days of hiding, if anyone cared anymore, or even remembered him. He needn't have worried.

There was quite a crowd to greet him at the Manhattan Criminal Court building on Wednesday morning, September 14. Word of his impending surrender first surfaced in Chicago the day before, then jumped in a microsecond to New York, where Rudd won the eye of the national press at Columbia University in 1968. An old friend at UPI called up the day the story broke to say Rudd was leaving the Weather Underground Organization (WUO) he'd helped to organize at the end of the 1960s. A handful of Weather people had surrendered in the last few months, and others, furious at the defectors, were still underground, determined to go on fighting, as they used to say, in the belly of the monster.

But Mark Rudd's surrender meant the end of an era all the same, and I decided to go down and watch him settle up Wednesday morning with not much more by way of reason than a curiosity to see the last act, having spent so many weeks at the first. When I got there a little after nine I found an astonishing crowd around the entrance to the Manhattan District Attorney's office at 155 Leonard Street. The only thing missing was bunting. Not only the inevitable television crews were idling there, but every radio reporter in the city, hordes of photographers with their motor-driven Nikons, and a rabble of the inky wretches who live by pen and typewriter, called, in this allegedly late twilight of Guttenberg, the writing press.

Jimmy Breslin was there from the *News*, so round and stolid he seemed to be smuggling contraband beneath his suitcoat. Murray Kempton was there from the *Post*, looking like a long-necked crane with a sense of humor. Tim Crouse was there from the *Village Voice*, and Ron Rosenbaum from that Great Republic of Letters which is the only home of writers who do not draw salaries.

Reporters do a lot of things, but what they do most is stand around and wait. This is the bedrock of their lives. Waiting for press conferences to start, for meetings to break up, for announcements and releases and the infinite variety of "no comment" with which those who

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run the world litter their progress. They smoke too many cigarettes for something to do, drink too much coffee from soggy paper cups, eat too much damp danish pastry from little cellophane bags and grow thick in the jowl and middle. Other professions have lunch. Reporters live in the stale middle of an eternal coffee break, exchanging idle gossip and reflection, waiting for Something to happen.

This is one way in which reporting is like war. Another is that when Something does happen it is likely to be quick, confusing and violent. Thus it was on Wednesday morning, September 14, at about 9:40 when a sudden movement 50 yards off at the corner of Center and Leonard Streets had the effect of a starting gun at a track meet and the press took off in a pack of a sort for which there is no easy metaphor. Wolves won't do because there was no howling. Greyhounds are more graceful. It was rather something on the order of a starving multitude spotting an overturned bread truck. Anyway.

They closed in around Rudd and his lawyer, Gerry Lefcourt, in a dense mass as impenetrable as a circle of musk oxen. Microphones were reached in by lanky arms; Nikons and television cameras were held high, shooting blind. The crush inched forward with little dainty steps while Rudd within was all but invisible. I could not have said with confidence he was there at all. A glimpse of brown suede jacket, sandy hair, the corner of a pair of tortoise shell hornrims, and that was it.

Above the hubbub I heard a single radio reporter's question: "Did you accomplish anything, Mark?" No answer. The mass writhed across the street in a kind of agonized labor before delivering the prodigal son through the revolving door of the office of the District Attorney.

A period of decompression followed. A network cameraman with a videotape machine stood on the curb, watching a replay on a tiny screen inside his machine. With amazement and delight he exclaimed: "Hey! I got him!"

Radio reporters replayed their tapes. Incredibly, Lefcourt's calm voice came through clearly, explaining they were going to the DA's office and would have no statement to make now or thereafter of any sort, Rudd did not intend to say anything to anybody about his whereabouts the last seven years and if everybody would please back up and let them walk freely they would proceed slowly so the photographers could get all the pictures they wanted. To which an anonymous voice responded: "Fat chance!"

Then Rudd's voice was audible, its tone earnest and relenting: "I've just got one thing to say . . ." Pause. Sudden hush. You could all but hear Rudd's grin as he concluded, "Excuse me, can I go through?"

More hubbub. Rudd's voice again: "I hope nobody picks my pocket."

Lefcourt's voice: ". . . will make no statement to any government body . . ."

End of tape.

The radiomen who had missed it borrowed the sound while two-thirds of the press crowd simply evaporated. After that, nearly five hours of solid waiting until Rudd finally appeared briefly before Judge Milton L. Williams on a handful of misdemeanor charges from 1968, left pending when Rudd had gone underground early in 1970.

During those five hours I heard in embryonic form pretty much everything that appeared in the press later, and it was pretty thin stuff. The genesis of Weatherman, you'll remember, was a split in SDS in June, 1969, when a so-called national collective "expelled" a numerical majority, dominated by the Progressive Labor Party, by simply walking out. Confusion on the left. The Weathermen (later, Weather People; currently, the Weather Underground Organization) held a war council in Flint, Michigan, in December, 1969, at which the group announced (at least in retrospect) that it was going underground. A few months later a mis-wired bomb destroyed a townhouse in New York, killing three Weather people, and since then the group has pretty much disappeared from the public prints. An occasional statement circulated by the remnants of the underground press, a handful of bombings (most notably of the Capitol building in 1971), a book called *Prairie Fire* and then a magazine called *Ossawatomie*. The FBI, as we know, was energetically looking for the runaways but their methods were so egregiously illegal that the Justice Department abandoned its prosecution of some peripheral Weather figures who had fallen into their hands.

More recently a story appeared that certain WUO leaders were proposing to surface in a process they called inversion, in order to resume legal political activity. Other leaders, including Bernardine Dohrn, denounced the prospective inverts as criminals and class enemies and bid them good riddance.

But the question ruminated upon by the reporters waiting for Rudd's appearance in court was what his role had been in all this? Rudd was certainly a maximum leader at Columbia in 1968 but he got a frosty reception when he ran for the SDS national presidency, he was only one of a triumvirate at Weatherman's birth, and his name was never signed to any of their pronunciamentos after they went underground. What happened?

The answer, as it appeared in the press the week after his surrender, was that Rudd was never *really* a leader, but only a creature of the press, a media fiction, shaky in his politics (wouldn't read Lenin), resented by serious SDS politicos as a kind of overweening adventurist bad boy, and by Weatherwomen as a male chauvinist. Kirkpatrick Sale, who knows more about SDS' documentary history than man was meant to know, even suggested in an article on the *Times* Op Ed page

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that Rudd may have been read out of the movement years ago. This strikes me as neglecting Rudd's talent as a crowd-arouser, and as being hard to square with WUO's invective before his surrender, but Kirkpatrick Sale has certainly paid attention to these things and may be right.

The curious thing here, characteristic of the press, was the momentary intensity of its interest in Rudd's surrender, just as it had pursued him so relentlessly at Columbia years ago. Curious not because the press assumed Rudd's surrender meant the game was up, but because it neglected so completely what Rudd had been trying to do. What he intends to do now is anybody's guess—he hasn't said—but what he was trying to do nine years ago was to lead a revolution in the United States, and he said it all the time. This seems quixotic now, to say the least, but his intentions then were perfectly serious. Not only did he announce them clearly, he backed them up with action. Local and federal prosecutors apparently want to forget the whole affair, but the Weather Underground Organization. with Rudd playing an as yet unknown role, sprung at least one man from prison (Timothy Leary), set off bombs in public places, and established an underground organization of sufficient sophistication to keep 40 to 60 underground activists out of the FBI's hands for seven years.

The United States is so far from having a revolutionary potential that the WUO's efforts all came to nothing, but in another, more volatile country they might have achieved what similar revolutionary undertakings in Latin America delivered during the same period. That, in a depressing number of cases, has been the death of thousands of people, political crisis, military takeover, and wholesale repression. What sort of man would subject his country to such a risk? What sort of reasons would justify it?

But such questions were very far from reporters' minds in the days following Rudd's return. His reception was goodnatured and friendly in the extreme. Reporters liked him, were in no mood to rake up ancient history, never considered his revolutionary ambitions more than a nutty dream of youth anyway, and forgave him in their stories without ever taking time to consider what, if anything, there might be to forgive.

When Rudd finally got into a courtroom on the fourth floor of the Criminal Courts building, Judge Milton Lewis momentarily resisted Lefcourt's application for Rudd's release in his own recognizance. Where had Rudd been the last seven years? Lewis wanted to know. Wasn't it customary for a defendant to give some account of himself in such circumstances? Could Lefcourt offer anything by way of guarantee the defendant wouldn't skip for another seven years? His assurances weren't worth much the last time; they might not see him again until 1984.

But it was only a gesture. Lefcourt had worked things out with the DA beforehand. No one wanted to make a federal case out of it. The Sixties were a rat's nest better left alone. No one was interested in pursuing the question asked by the reporter in the crush outside: "Did you accomplish anything, Mark?"

As Rudd stood there in his blue shirt and tan slacks, looking like a graduate student in poli sci, I wondered if he was struck by the ease of his return. Back in the Sixties the SDS radicals used to excoriate themselves for what they called white skin privilege. Black revolutionaries like the Panthers were on the edge, they used to say. For them it was truly liberty or death, but the white middle-class student revolutionaries could always pack it in, go home, pick up their schooling and careers. One of the reasons the Weathermen went underground was to prove their bona fides. They called it Amerika, with a "k," but in their hearts they knew they lived in the softest of all possible worlds. After seven years underground in the belly of the monster, Rudd was welcomed back, given a final final warning about running off again (now Mark, this time *we really mean it*), and sent home to his parents in Maplewood, New Jersey. How, Rudd must have asked himself, can you make a revolution in a country like that?

THOMAS POWERS

TWO WOMEN

THE SCREEN

The Japanese, it seems, like to make a fable out of history. Last year at this time a film that was creating a certain controversy was Oshima's *In the Realm of the Senses* [*Commonweal*, Nov. 5, 1976], which was seized by U.S. Customs at a press screening for being pornographic. Free of the absurd legal entanglements that followed, it finally opened in the U.S. this summer, and is still playing here in New York. It is the true story of a gangster and a moll so passionate and devoted to him that, after murdering him at his own invitation, she cuts off his penis as a keepsake. When the woman on whom this character is based was caught, the sensation was considerable in Japan because her case brought out so much about sex that had been suppressed in Japanese society. Oshima's movie aims at being accordingly sensational itself, with explicit scenes of copulation and various perversions. Indeed, the entire movie is nothing but such scenes.

For all that, however, what strikes us about the film is the fact that it doesn't seem particularly raunchy. This is partly because the two lovers' story, which actually occurred in the thirties, has been stripped of all historical context and detail. And partly it is because,

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on account of its ahistorical approach, the film has been shot almost entirely on sound-stage interiors. The pristine, specially constructed quality this gives to each set and the patent movie lighting become the opposite of something pornographic. They give the historical episode the detached, abstracted feel of a fable.

Now another Japanese film, *Sandakan #8,* which has only just arrived here though it was made before Oshima's film, seems to have very much the same quality as Oshima's. Director Kei Kumai was also dealing in this film with a disgraceful episode in the sexual history of Japan, and he did so in a way comparable to *In the Realm of the Senses.* The historical issue in *Sandakan #8* is the existence in Japan earlier in this century of *"karayuki-san,"* young women who were sold off by their impoverished families into indentured apprenticeships as prostitutes in other parts of Asia. More specifically, the film tells the story of one such woman, Osaki (Kinuyo Tanaka), who is shipped off to Borneo during her childhood, is forced into prostitution after working as a servant in a whorehouse there, and only gets to return to Japan many years later. Living out her old age in abject poverty in Japan, Osaki tells her story to a young woman she meets, Mitani (Yoko Takashi), who is a university student doing research in women's history.

When Mitani first comes to the hut in which Osaki lives, she shrinks back at the sight of nightcrawlers nesting in the filth there. But the film is otherwise free, in both Osaki's present and her memories of the past, from any compulsion to show us squalor. Osaki's memories, which are sound-stage reconstructions like the sets in Oshima's film, also have a clean and fabled atmosphere. They don't idealize or belie Osaki's suffering, but they don't try to objectify it either. Even in the hut where Osaki lives now, the evening light is often roseate and the effect almost that of an idyll. The reason for this kind of treatment in Kumai's film, as in Oshima's, is to shift the natural emphasis of the story. Just as Oshima wanted to offset the potential for pornography in his script, so Kumai wanted to shift our attention away from Osaki alone and toward Mitani as well.

For the role of Mitani is not just the simple frame for Osaki's story that it at first appears. Although she does serve primarily to narrate that story and as a pretext for Osaki to tell it, the fact that she should do so is in Kumai's view almost as significant as the story itself. An important part of Osaki's story—to her, perhaps, the most important—is her ostracization when she tries to return to Japan. Even her brother, who loves her so much he cripples himself in his anguish when she is taken away, will not take her back into his home again after she has been a *karayuki-san.* Osaki's most affecting moment in the film comes when, as a result of her brother's rejection, she tries to drown herself in her bath. She is so dispirited by her realization she is now an outcast that she is too weak even to hold her head under the water. Because her treatment at home is her bitterest humiliation, Mitani's esteem for her assumes a crucial significance in her story. That esteem reverses her status in Japanese society. No longer a source of degradation, having been a *karayuki-san* has now become a source almost of honor.

The fabled treatment which Kumai gave to Osaki's story is, then, an attempt to reflect Mitani's attitude toward it. On the one hand, its freedom from sordidness spares Osaki unnecessary shame. On the other hand, the abstracted quality produced by Kumai's refraining from extreme realism this way makes Osaki appear to us what she is to Mitani: a figure of legend, a woman whose endurance makes her heroic. The romantic dusk lighting where Osaki sits telling her story shows her to us as the object of Mitani's reverence. It's the sort of mythic twilight in which deities repose. Because Kumai's treatment thus enhances and expresses the relationship between the two women, making it, rather than Osaki's story alone, the subject of the film, that treatment is really far more interesting than the similar one in *In the Realm of the Senses.*

At the end of *Sandakan #8* Mitani is in Borneo to find a graveyard Osaki told her about where the *karayuki-san* colony buried its dead. After she has found and restored this burial ground, she notices, as her final line the film informs us, that the graves are all set with their backs turned to Japan. The final image of the film is a remote high-angle shot in which Mitani hurries along a busy city street in Borneo, presumably on her way back to her own family in Japan, and is lost in the crowd. It is as if Mitani were disappearing back into the very anonymity from which she rescued the now dead Osaki, the relationship between them having been a personal fulfillment and a momentary transcendence of history for them both. It is a very moving conclusion.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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JOHN FANDEL

DAMSELFLY

1

Chopper for the Emperor of ants.

2

Bobbin, shuttling gauze of summer air.

3

Billboard (elf) for sapphire panes of silence.

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PHILOSOPHIZING ON THE PAST

JOHN P. SISK

Philosopher at Large: An Intellectual Autobiography

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Macmillan, $12.95

About one-third of the way through this book Mortimer Adler recounts his discovery, made in the process of trying to write a biography of William James, that he lacked the necessary interest in the living as distinguished from the philosophizing man. The awareness of this defect leads him to wonder whether his autobiographical efforts at self-characterization and self-understanding will suffer. "If I had as much interest in human beings as I do in human thought, this would be a different story," he writes, and then confesses: "I have given hurt sometimes because of this, and sometimes I have suffered it."

The truth of this statement is amply borne out in his book, with the result that some readers will be put off by Adler's refusal to write the sort of true confession they expect from an autobiographer of eminence. We have to take pretty much on faith, for instance, that for two years he devoted more time and energy to his first love affair than to his teaching at Columbia. His first marriage, begun carelessly and in secret, lasted thirty-three years, but it remains on the periphery of the book. A tempestuous three-year love affair with his secretary that brings him to the verge of divorce and dismissal from the University of Chicago is covered in one sentence. His second and apparently very happy marriage, to a woman thirty-four years his junior, gets scarcely more space. His four children (two adopted) make the briefest of appearances.

Nor is the book sufficiently anecdotal for devotees of personality journalism. Adler's brand of at-largeness has put him into more or less close relationship with such luminaries as Mark Van Doren, I. I. Rabi, Clifton Fadiman, John Dewey, Jacques Barzun, Lionel Trilling, Whittaker Chambers, Walter Lippmann, Saul Bellow, Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, Robert and Maude Hutchins, Franz Alexander, Bertrand Russell, Clare Booth Luce, Will Hays, Richard McKeon, Scott Buchanan and Stringfellow Barr. Inevitably, some of these people get more attention than others—the Hutchinses, Barr, Buchanan and Van Doren in particular—but even they are kept subordinate to the intellectual adventure. Given this strict (and esthetically admirable) attention to theme, the striking thing is the extent to which the book remains a very human and at times very moving story.

The fact is that Adler's protracted emotional immaturity coupled with his "youthful exuberance and wild imprudence" guaranteed anything but an uneventful life. Disobedience of the principal's orders leads to his dropping out of high school, and failure to attend gym classes ("a distraction from more important concerns") keeps him from getting his college degree; his contentiousness makes him a great bother to teachers he does not agree with, particularly John Dewey and Irwin Edman; as a counselor at a boy's camp all hell breaks loose after he preaches a callow anarchism; as a young psychology teacher at Columbia he manages to antagonize the philosophy department in which he would have preferred to teach; his dislike of experimental psychology irritates psychologists as much as his dislike of fact-oriented education irritates scientists; his championship of the Great Books makes him enemies at Columbia and later at Chicago; at the latter institution, working with Hutchins to reform the curriculum, his temperamental disabilities lead him to challenge his colleagues when he should have been attempting to persuade them; his overcharged rhetoric in defense of world government after World War II gets him into trouble with the John Birch Society and J. Edgar Hoover. Things happen to a philosopher who is as often at-odds as he is at-large; if he had decided to write a more conventional autobiography there would have been no lack of material.

Another factor in the eventfulness of Adler's life has been his sybaritical inclinations. "I never developed the virtue of temperance or thrift," he confesses. *How to Read a Book* was written in seventeen days out of an urgent need to get the thousand dollars necessary to renew the lease on his comfortable apartment. His profitable four-year stint as ghost writer for Will Hays is additionally attractive because he is furnished with a luxurious apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers. He

> *Some of my contemporaries, including close friends, have been strongly affected by current crises and disorders and even frustrated by their intractability. To use the current jargon, many of my contemporaries have suffered alienation, future shock, an identity crisis, loss of faith, or a shift in values. Yet, in all honesty, I must confess that I have not found life more difficult, more complicated, more dehumanized, more uncomfortable, more fearful. However difficult it may be to lead a good human life at any time, I doubt that it is any more difficult to make a good life for one's self today than it was at any earlier moment in human history.*
>
> —Philosopher At Large

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even toys with the idea of abandoning the relative austerities of academic life to become philosopher-in-residence for the R.H. Macy Co. "My life in the last thirty years or so," he writes, "has tended to confirm the view that high living is not necessarily incompatible with high thinking." Indeed, if any of his old enemies read this book (fortunately, he has outlived most of them) they are likely to assess it morosely as a demonstration of how to make philosophy pay off.

In a sense, the most important characters here are the Great Books themselves, and the form of autobiography is employed to write the biography of the Great Books movement in which Adler has played such a vital role. The incipient event in this story is Adler's taking of John Erskine's General Honors course at Columbia, a conversion experience from which there was never any falling away, and with which most of the major events in his life have a connection: his own teaching in the General Honors program; his meeting with Van Doren, with whom he was paired as a seminar leader; his excited discovery of Aquinas at just the right time for him to become a force in the revival of interest in Thomism; his long relationship with Hutchins, begun when the latter was the boy-wonder Dean of the Yale Law School; his move to Chicago after Hutchins had nagged him into completing his long-delayed dissertation (he wrote it in twenty hours after conducting an experiment in physiological psychology that reads now like a burlesque anticipation of Masters and Johnson); the phenomenally successful *How To Read a Book;* the establishment of the Great Books program at St. John's College; the *Syntopicon* of the Great Books; his involvement with the executive seminars at Aspen; the foundation of the Institute for Philosophical Research; the production of the three-layered fifteenth edition of *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*; his present marriage.

Ultimately, too, Adler's long commitment to the Great Books is related to his vision of a grand cooperative of philosophers, who, he is convinced, badly need a dialectical clarification of basic terms if truth is to be advanced. Apart from the question whether a self-denying unity of effort of this sort is desirable, it would require something like the Aquinas-inspired *Summa Dialectica*, which as a young man he dreamed of writing. Certainly it would be impossible for anyone to entertain such a vision seriously without Adler's "obsession with putting and keeping things in order"—without what he identifies as his analerotic compulsion to catalogue, index and outline. Realizing it, with whatever fortunate combination of high living and high thinking, would be another matter. He is no more likely to be successful than his beloved Aristotle or that anti-Aristotelian polymath and master-outliner, Peter Ramus, whom Adler so often reminds one of. But this does not keep the record of his efforts from being thoroughly entertaining. I should add that it has thirty-two pages of photographs and that it is, as one would expect, superbly indexed.

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The Education of an Urban Minority: Catholics in Chicago, 1833-1965

JAMES W. SANDERS

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RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR.

James W. Sanders has written the first scholarly history of Chicago's parochial schools. It offers a suggestive account of how the schools acquired their character, particularly in the years after World War I. It also seeks an interesting place for itself in the literature of the city schools in the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Several of the social histories of the public schools—here, Sanders cites *The Culture Factory* by Stanley Schultz, *The One Best System* by David Tyack, *The Irony of Early School Reform* by Michael Katz, and a few others—portray them as agents of social control. As these studies try to show, the schools were used to knock off the rough edges of class and culture that were found on the children of immigrants and the first generation. Uniform schooling was to impart uniform skills and uniform hopes and consequently, as this analysis would hold, the Americanized child of the city schools was in fact a standardized child, ready to move smoothly into the industrial work force.

Sanders doesn't dispute this wing of the literature. (As a matter of fact, he seems eager to accept it, as far as it goes, even if it takes up barely any evidence of what was going on in Chicago's public schools.) Yet, he does point to the obvious. Namely, this work doesn't go far enough, since roughly a quarter of the children in the major cities of the Northeast were sent to the Catholic schools. There, he finds, the experience was radically different—or, at least, it was in Chicago, where the parochial schools were open to the particular currents of class and culture and aspiration. As he concludes:

> To the established, creation of the "one best system" followed logically from a belief in the one best way of life. But Catholic

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schools, as expressions of the deviant, originated from and thrived on rejection of that belief, first in its religious dimension, and then in its broader cultural and socio-economic ramifications. Thus, as public schools centralized to secure cultural homogeneity, Catholic schools, as an early expression of counter-culture rights and beliefs, deliberately reveled in hopeless—or glorious—diversity. Further, in catering to the culturally diverse, the parochial school appears to have functioned in sympathetic vibration with the Catholic, immigrant, alien poor, whereas the public school, as the increasingly bureaucratized agent of the dominant culture, could not.

Its rhetoric aside, there's still a lot wrong with this passage. For one thing, the sympathetic vibrations of the parochial schools weren't set off solely by a humane or populist or counter-cultural spirit. After all, the public schools and the parochial schools used different methods to pay their way. The citywide tax base was a far steadier and surer source of revenue than the parish-by-parish flow through tuitions or the collection basket. If the Archdiocese was willing to turn and bend to the folkways and values of its immigrant parishioners, it was at least partly because the Chancery Office was reading the financial realities. Yet, for all practical purposes, the main office of the public schools piled up all the tax receipts and naturally could do better at imposing its will uniformly on the local schools. Moreover, many of the parochial schools in Chicago did indeed abet a strategy of Americanization, but a subtler one than was apparently used by public schools. Chicago's parochial schools held up an American image for their pupils, but it tended to be an *Irish*-American image: to be an American was to be an Irish American, as the Poles and Italians and Bohemians were made to feel.

Still, the main body of Sanders's case does seem to carry persuasive force: apparently, the parochial schools in Chicago were more inclined than the

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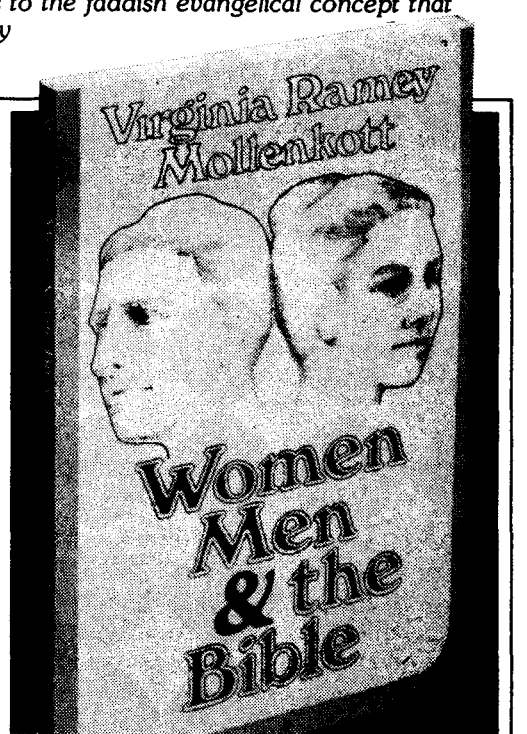

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public schools elsewhere to take their pupils (and the parents of their pupils) on their own terms, even if the shaping motives here were mixed. As studies of the parochial schools in other cities appear, it might be possible to get a better sense of what the Catholic experience was in the city schools, and what it meant, then and now.

The Superfluous Men: Conservative Critics of American Culture, 1900-1945

ROBERT M. CRUNDEN, ed.

U. of Texas Press, $14.95

DANIEL AARON

Every writer on American conservatism is faced with the problem of how to define it. The easiest way is not to attempt any definition and simply to assume that there are too many kinds of conservatisms to agree on an exact designation. Some have even held that there is no such thing as American conservatism, that it could not be expected to take root and flourish in a society geared to technology, science, and change whose alleged political "conservatives" found themselves hitched willynilly to a liberal system. Therefore, although it is not hard to find throughout American history individual politicians and theorists and artists who condemned what they considered to be threats to property and to civil and religious authority and who feared the "enthusiastic" impulse in any of its manifestations, no class or cohesive segment of the population emerged to exemplify and perpetuate conservative principles.

Mr. Robert Crunden, all the same, takes it for granted that not only is there something called American conservative thought, but that it is also very much alive in the 1970s. "Conservative ideas" hitherto confined, he says, to "religious and literary figures have spread into the social sciences and into practical politics." The recent espousal of conservative principles by certain scholar-activists (a number of them former men of the Left) and their growing disillusion with governmental intervention in areas better suited to private endeavor have encouraged him to call attention to their neglected precursors. *The Superfluous Men,* a volume of excerpts from the writings of eleven critics of culture—some of them virtually forgotten—who flourished between 1900 and 1945, is intended "to provide a preliminary overview" and "to reshape the field and establish a more accurate geography of the contribution of conservatism to America in the recent past." Represented in the anthology are George Santayana, Ralph Adams Cram, Albert Jay Nock, Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt, H.L. Mencken, Allen Tate, Donald Davidson, John Crowe Ransom, Frank L. Owsley, and Walter Lippmann.

Crunden differentiates these "cultural conservatives" from the conservative thinkers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The latter, he asserts in a rather murky twenty-page introduction, "since the revolutionary generation" have "never been at their sharpest in political writing." Presumably political conservatism lost touch with American realities after the Civil War and "retreated from politics and social criticism." Henry Adams's generation fled to the Academy, leaving politics to the vulgarians, and a kind of "cultural conservatism" appeared in the writings of men on the fringe, like Adams, Charles Eliot Norton, William Graham Sumner and others.

Apparently, "cultural conservatism" means many seemingly contradictory things and is flexible enough to subsume Crunden's cast of reputed Liberals, Tories, Humanists, Agrarians, and Libertarians. His conservatives are both traditional and innovative, even "radical" in "productive ways." Conservatism, he maintains in a passage which may embarrass old-fashioned adherents of that ambiguous doctrine, "is more of an assumption about which areas of life are genuinely rewarding for the intelligent person to concentrate upon than it is a stance in support of the status quo." It holds that the best things lie beyond politics,

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whose only real purpose "is to keep the larger society functioning efficiently and invisibly" and to make it possible for people to do "what gives their lives meaning." Conservatives resist fads, tend to detach themselves from public business, scorn the cant of egalitarians and humanitarians, and distrust democracy—rule by the ignorant many.

Some of these views are presently entertained by people not ordinarily identified with the conservative camp, but, as Crunden notes, they did not sit well with optimistic, democratic, progressive Americans in the early decades of the century. Hence his conservatives were made to feel "superfluous" by their insensate contemporaries and never commanded as wide a hearing as the Liberals who found in politics and social engineering the solution to all human problems. Yet for all of their deficiencies in thought and action, which Crunden acknowledges, at least conservatives did not mistake 'better' for 'more' or blink away perdurable evil. In articulating conservative values, they "illuminated the complexity of American experience and the fragility of easy generalizations about it."

It is not always easy to equate the editor's own statements about the substance and import of his representative critics and the selections he prints from their works. He divides these into seven overlapping parts, each prefaced by a short headnote. The section titles—"Growing up Conservative in America," "The Critique of Modern American Culture," "The Chosen Heroes and the Chosen Part," "Humanism and the Originality of the Artist," "Agrarianism and the South," "Politics is the Enemy," and "Religion and Immortality" serve as receptacles into which the editor can pour the often disparate and contradictory views of the contributors. He argues, not without justification, that each of them can be properly categorized as "conservative" and that their conscious or implicit disagreements are "without exception" within "the pale of the word." Yet it requires the most concessive mind to see how even Crunden's elastic conception of conservatism applies with equal appositeness to Santayana's urbane skeptical paganism, Nock's tirades on politicians, More's religiosity, Babbitt's obsession with moral responsibility, Mencken's serio-comic fulminations, the by no means similar Agrarianism (a bit over-represented here) of Davidson, Owsley, Ransom and Tate, Lippmann's measured liberalism, and the cranky and, on occasion, silly jeremiads of Cram.

If there is any validity in Crunden's term, "the conservative camp," it amounts to a shared doubt about the prospects of *Boobus Americanus* and his squalid institutions and on the decline of standards in American intellectual life. All but a few of his conservatives were out of touch with the rank-and-file, especially the urban working class and ethnic population. Rather than come to terms with the inevitable tendencies of democratic culture anticipated long before them by Tocqueville, they either withdrew from the gritty unlovely chaos or imperiously

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set down dicta for the Good Life without bothering to suggest how their elitist principles might be incorporated into the democratic framework. In fact the conservatives who preached a version of Matthew Arnold's aesthetic gospel (J. David Hoeveler, Jr. makes this point in his recent book on the New Humanists) lacked Arnold's faith in the average man's capacity to absorb "humane civilization" and held little hope for America's Philistia.

Crunden has performed a useful service in collecting this lively assortment of opinion on democratic society, humanitarian cant, plutocratic vulgarity, and sentimental progressivism. The conservative consensus on our slack educational system and sleazy intellectual standards seems particularly apropos at the moment, although it is worth noting that the conservatives' liberal opponents often took pot shots at the same institutional and cultural targets.

According to Crunden, the "conservative mentality" has contributed to "a major portion of American culture even when it has not called itself conservative and even when its products have been seized with enthusiastic incomprehension by the liberal intellectual majority." Thus defined conservatism takes in a large swipe of uncharted territory and allows him to claim that men as diverse as Santayana, More, and Mencken articulated the values of the Founding Fathers and of all the classic American writers and thinkers he lists at the end of his introduction. One is tempted to conclude, however, that what is worth remembering about the majority of his conservatives is not so much their fidelity to a set of principles or the originality of their ideas as their intellectual energy and style and the learning, wit, and irony they displayed in their manifestoes, apologias, and lay-sermons.

REVIEWERS

JOHN P. SISK teaches in the English Department at Gonzaga University.

RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR., who teaches at the University of Massachusetts, attended Chicago parochial schools—specifically, St. Bride's and St. Philip Neri.

DANIEL AARON, professor of American Civilization at Harvard, is author of *The Unwritten War.*

C. PETER RIPLEY is Lecturer in History and Afro-American studies at Yale.

The Black Family in Slavery & Freedom, 1750-1925

HERBERT G. GUTMAN

Pantheon, $15.95

C. PETER RIPLEY

The family has served as a benchmark for the Afro-American experience. In the three decades preceding the Civil War, when a reform impulse swept the North, anti-slavery critics attacked with countless arguments, but few were as persuasive to home-oriented Yankees as that one which pictured slave families separated by cruel masters and the auctioneer's gavel. That argument—a moral one based on slaveholders' rejection of the familial rights of their chattel—helped mobilize the abolitionist crusade and has since become central to the historical debate over Afro-American life.

As late as the mid-1960s Daniel P. Moynihan sought to explain problems resulting from black migration to northern cities in similar terms. Moynihan associated cultural and economic conditions (such as high, black urban unemployment) with "the deterioration of the Negro family." His argument, reduced here, suggests that slavery so debilitated Afro-Americans and so strained their adaptive capabilities that they were unable to cope in society. Urban black problems, argued Moynihan, have many taproots, but they largely reached back to slavery and centered around the disoriented family. Moynihan's conclusions, while consistent with a growing body of historical and sociological literature, generated a good deal of debate.

The 1970s produced a new corpus of slavery literature which generally acknowledged the debilitating qualities of slavery but nevertheless sought to examine what Yale historian John Blassingame calls the "slave community." Broad areas of disagreement separate the new scholars, but most embrace the concept of a separate slave culture and consider the family question crucial in their re-evaluation. Gutman's book—born of the Moynihan report debate—represents the new orthodoxy on the black experience from slavery into the twentieth century, viewed from the family perspective. What does Gutman conclude in this large, awesome and sometimes unwieldy volume? Two broad general conclusions (which should lay to rest some aged stereotypes) are that Afro-Americans emerged from slavery as family units and with a distinctive culture, and that there was no breakdown of families in the twentieth century which produced a matriarchal, black society, urban or rural. Gutman does not suggest that black families survived because slavery was a benign institution. Rather he suggests that questions of "bad and good" be put aside in favor of "whats and whys"; and the whats he found include: enduring slave marriages; most slaves living in double-headed households (despite a high rate of involuntary separation); and strong familial and kinship patterns (which at times meant as many as five generations living in close association).

As important as what Gutman tells about the slave family—and the above is only a sample—is his analysis of what all that meant for Afro-Americans after emancipation. Gutman looks at late nineteenth and early twentieth century black families in the rural south and the urban north and describes the changes they underwent in both environments. And he insists that the changes do not represent an urban "tangle of pathology" (Moynihan's term) nor do they signal a predominately mother-child family. The black family, concludes Gutman, did not break down with emancipation or with the migration to northern cities —as late as 1925, 85 percent of Harlem's households had two parents.

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Gutman insists that "family" cannot be separated from "culture," and that broadens and strengthens his effort. So what he has offered is a generous slice of Afro-American culture wrapped around the family. He insists that black famliies and kinships thrived and grew—despite the exigencies of slavery, emancipation, migration and urbanization—because they were rooted in an adaptive and resilient cultural base unique to Afro-Americans.

The slave family question—because Gutman gives it the most attention and because of its sensitive historical position—will dominate discussions of Gutman's book and perhaps rightly so; but readers should understand that the volume is more than a history of the black family. It is a statement about the legacy of slavery based on hard and continuous research as much as it is a history about slave times, and that is long overdue. And it is another convincing testimonial in favor of a black culture that is distinctively Afro-American.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 643)

lieve—a relatively small part of "the new class." At the time I was writing, Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Bella Abzug were fighting a major battle on this terrain, as had Hugh Carey and Howard Samuels two years earlier. Beyond my own work, Peter might find useful Paul H. Weaver's essay, "On Adversary Government and the Liberal Audience," in *The Politics of Planning* (Institute for Contemporary Studies, 260 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94111). An exact and careful analysis of "the new class," both on the left and on the right, is further along toward the lucidity Peter seeks than Peter finds. In order to plead for lucidity, he did not have to overlook the distinctions I actually made; and a body of literature well beyond my own work could have been consulted.

By next year this time, he will no doubt have caught up.

MICHAEL NOVAK

REPLY: Michael Novak's letter, with its references to his other writings; to his recent reading; to the "subject," "tone," "context," and "distinctions," of his column; to our past exchanges; indeed to everything but what I wrote last June, strikes me as a stellar example of obfuscation. Trying to puzzle my way through it, I was bit by bit led into the lengthy examination of our apparently incompatible modes of discourse that appears in my regular column.

PETER STEINFELS

Hitting on Hitler

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: I was delighted to read Marilyn Moorcroft's "Floundering with Grass," and have a chance to know the person behind the book [July 8]. Since college days, when I was assigned to

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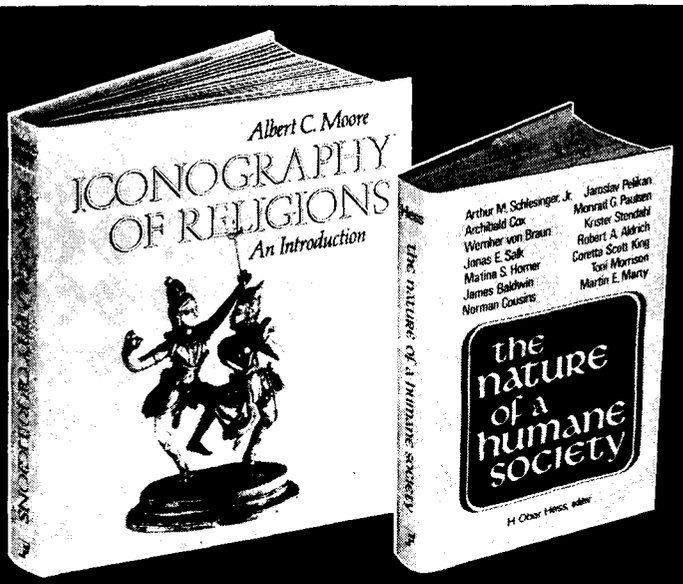

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read *The Tin Drum*, I have been an admirer of this man who is so modern, yet so classical. Marilyn's portrait allowed us not just to see the man, but to see the paradoxical nature that produces such paradoxical works.

One issue taken up in the article is of special interest to me. As an editor who deals in children's books, I have witnessed and participated in the revival of interest in Hitler and Nazi Germany—but not without some misgivings. Was I publishing books on Hitler because I wanted to make sure children didn't forget? Let's face it—publishing is a business, and titles on Hitler sell now. But that doesn't mean it is wrong of us to do them. Studies have consistently shown that kids deprived of the ghoulish, grisly stuff Hitler stories are made of, will invent it themselves. Our human need is to have villains around to admire and then to be reassured when they suffer well-deserved defeat. As long as Hitler can serve to help us see the darker sides of ourselves, and see it be defeated by more likable instinct, he will be worthwhile to know about. To not give the devil its due is to invite it in the back door. . . .

MAURY SOLOMON
Associate Editor
Franklin Watts, Inc.

Human Sexuality

Chicago, Ill.

To the Editors: Ralph McInerny's review of *Human Sexuality: New Directions in American Catholic Thought* [Aug. 5] left me dismayed by its hysterical tone of denunciation. What surprised me most was the fact that he seems unaware that for many years there has been a serious problem with our traditional sexual moral code. Such ignorance of reality can hardly be exceeded.

Traditionally, the Church, following the principle of Natural Law, has taught that the primary end of sex is procreation. It deduced logically that any act subverting the end of procreation, e.g. masturbation, was an act against the fixed and eternal order of nature, and therefore a sin.

However, recent biological discoveries, e.g. the late 19th-century knowledge that the sperm impregnates the ovum, and the 1920s learning of ovulation, made the traditional interpretation of Natural Law obsolete. Hence, we have known for many years that not every act of sex can be procreative according to the Natural Law. And perhaps it was with this knowledge that Vatican II in its document on marriage omitted the traditional and essential word "primary" in its definition of sex.

It is, therefore, impossible to agree with McInerny when he accuses the theologians who authored this book of being influenced by a contemporary "zeitgeist," "charmingly credulous where the secular sciences are concerned," following "revisionary zeal" rather than "tradition."

Whatever else this book is, it is not trendy. It rather emphatically attempts to confront a moral problem that has existed for some time. One may not agree with the solutions presented, but one cannot in all intellectual honesty dispute the fact that there is a problem with our traditional sexual code.

At all events, to denounce this book is to protect the evil that the book exposes. Sex may sometimes be a source of evil, but it does not follow that people, like McInerny, who take offence at it are champions of society. Their credentials cannot be too carefully examined.

(REV.) STANLEY R. RUDCKI

New Orleans, La.

To the Editors: In his review of *Human Sexuality* [Aug. 5] Ralph McInerny maintains that the group of authors "accepts as a methodological point that no moral precept that forbids a specified kind of action can be absolute." He "thinks that is what they are trying to say on p. 97" and "it is surely the assumption of the guideline chapter."

I find neither on the page nor in the chapter cited any evidence that the authors adopt such a methodological principle in general. They do appear

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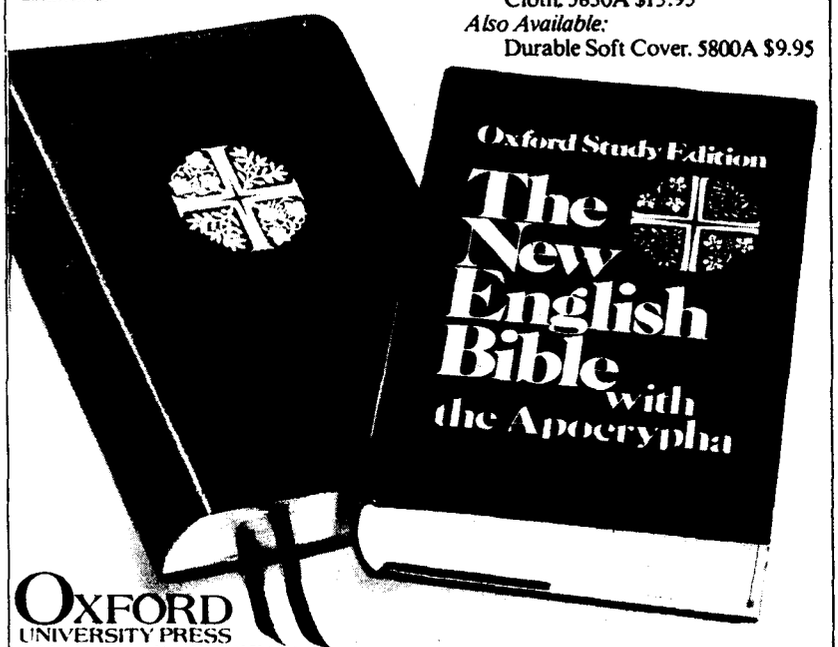

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to adopt such a principle with respect specifically to sexual behavior. But that is a very different, much commoner, and far more defensible position.

The reviewer also maintains that "nothing is easier than to formulate such precepts" and gives as instances the prohibitions of murder, theft, lying, and adultery. Much of the history of religious ethics, rabbinic and Koranic as well as Christian, records ceaseless efforts to define murder, theft, and lying in such a way that the prohibitions are both plausible and unexceptionable. Where such efforts have succeeded it has often been at the cost of making the precepts tautologous, and to that extent unhelpful as norms.

What the authors *say* on p. 97 is that in sexual morality "to the extent that (precepts) refer to concrete physical actions (e.g. masturbation, sterilization, contraception, premarital sex) without specifying particular circumstances or intention, to that extent they cannot be regarded as universal and absolute moral norms." Whether right or wrong, that is not an unusual or outrageous view.

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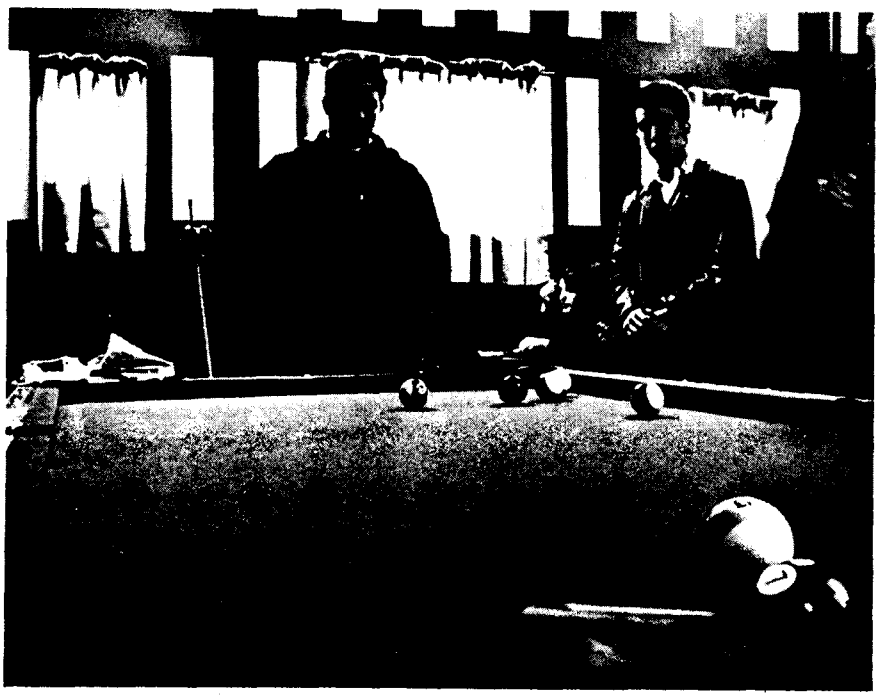
To the Editors: Ralph McInerny observes in his review of *Human Sexuality* (August 5) that the book suggests "that to be a woman . . . endows one with a capacity to experience reality in a peculiarly feminine way," and wonders "if this goes contrary to feminism." [I regret the snide quality of the subsequent parenthesis ("doubtful in so trendy a document as this") all the more because I am in general agreement with McInerny's assessment of the book.] To recognize that sexuality conditions experience is not contrary to feminism (or to masculism), but *Human Sexuality* is, in its overall thesis, not only an anti-feminist, but a profoundly anti-human book.

It is one thing to say that our experience of life is conditioned by our sexuality (as it is as much, or perhaps more, by our race, intelligence, economic situation, age and health), but quite another to drift, as *Human Sexuality* does, from viewing sexuality as "a pervasive and constitutional factor" in the structure of human experience (p. 83) to "the concrete manifestation of the divine call to human completion" (also p. 83). It would seem that Kosnick et al. (here and throughout the book) see the divine image lying in sexuality, and the humanness of the human person best defined in terms of sexuality. They, in fact, subsume the notion of person as self-transcendentally relational under the rubric of sexually relational ("sexuality is seen as that aspect of our fleshly being-in-the-world whereby we are present and open to that which is not ourselves, to that which is 'other'," p. 83).

Why the authors have made what to many will seem an inversion is unclear (a fully human sexuality can surely be worked out on other bases), and such an omnium gatherum approach to sexuality can be faulted on many grounds. We have seen the implications for the question of the ordination of women of this virtual identification of sexuality and personality. It is precisely such focusing on sexuality (which Kosnick et al. and



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the Vatican share) which led recently to the presentation of the natural signification the priest bears to Christ in sexual, not personal, terms.

That the authors of *Human Sexuality* share the Vatican's preoccupation with sexuality, and so conclude that physiological sexuality is the most important determinant of human life is deplorable. But, while the relative importance of sexual gender (whether derived from anatomy or cultural conditioning) for human *experience* is debatable, it is certain that human *personality* is not sexually differentiated, and to recognize this is not gnosticism (*pace* Michael Novak, July 8). The kind of thinking evidenced in *Human Sexuality* and in Vatican documents which inflates sexuality to the dominant position and to the point of obscuring everything else that makes a human person human has done much harm, and will continue to do more as long as it is practiced.

JOANNE MC WILLIAM DEWART

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Steinfels (Cont.)

"new class" was central. In 1968 he had thought a "new politics" could be built on at least a portion of this class—those who had fueled the opposition to the war and to Humphrey's nomination. By 1972 essentially the same group had become the villain of the piece, an obstacle to the kind of politics he favored. And so they have remained ever since.

In short, Novak learned something, which is no discredit to him. What he learned, I believe, is that at least points 1, 2, and 4 of his 1968 strategy conflicted with point 5; and since by 1972 he had become an ethnic and seen McGovern lose, it was point 5 that controlled his new thinking. Michael Novak, however, is a most passionate student, one who insists on embracing his new insights and rejecting his old ones with an extraordinary vehemence. This vehemence, furthermore, has a discomforting tendency to be directed outward.

Thus in 1968 Richard J. Daley was a "tyrant" and Daley's Chicago was "something close to" fascism. "America," he declared, "is not yet a democratic country, has not been one, and does not wish to be." The Democratic party's majority was no different from Republicans, and Novak mocked the "businessmen who sing a patriotic hymn at every weekly luncheon." "The love of tyranny is a national disease," he said, and "Worse, the people love their own disease." Hope for change rode, first of all, with the "bright, young, suburban voters of liberal bent."

By 1972 Novak had discovered that "so many members of the new class" were accusing America of being "sick" and were "sweating contempt from every pore." Obviously, self-consciousness is not his strong point. If he were willing to recognize in the 1968 Novak a fairly representative example of the group denounced by the 1972 Novak, then either (a) he might understand why numerous old admirers tend to discount his swings of enthusiasm—if he once described Mayor Daley in such feverish terms, why take seriously his sweeping descriptions of the "new class"?—or (b) he might, and this would be better yet, temper his judgments.

Political writing of course is largely seat-of-the-pants. Temperament and even vehemence are crucial. Yet at least one check on the tendency to manipulate "abstract terms" or "mythical constructs" to suit one's mood or one's opportunities is a close, though critical, attention to what "facts" we have, what we know, for instance, about the role of the "new class" in the economy and about its cultural attitudes. And so, roundabout, I return to my recent column and Michael Novak's reply.

There, I insist, my topic being the knowledge industry and the "new class," I saw no reason to distract readers, and discompose Novak, with any treatment of his changing views of the Democratic party, and all his attendant extravagances, bad advice, and poor predictions. But now that he has cried "Context!" I will point out that his argument turned, as his column stated, on the fact that "the new class structure in America is altering the cultural base of the Democratic party." His description of this structural change, in terms of the knowledge industry and the "new class," was in my view exaggerated and unfounded; and I find nothing in the "context," nor indeed does Novak specify anything in the context, that

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repairs his misstatements.

So we get the following dialogue, proving, as Marx said of Louis Napoleon, that the second time around is inevitably farce:

STEINFELS: Look here, Novak and others are saying that a knowledge industry responsible for 35 percent of the Gross National Product is the basis of a "new class" elite led by "secular Know-Everythings."

NOVAK: Say, have you read all my other writings? My column runs twice a week, you know.

STEINFELS: An examination of the only economic study of the knowledge industry I know, Machlup's *Production and Distribution of Knowledge in the United States,* shows that this 35 percent is a "stage statistic." It simply doesn't support the political conclusions drawn from it.

NOVAK: Well you missed my tone! And the distinctions!

STEINFELS: Your column, I fear, is singularly devoid of distinctions. The political expression of the "new class" is identified flatly with "cultural nihilism" and set in diametric opposition to "the traditional values of honesty, decency," etc.

Novak: Didn't the Democrats hold a $1,000-a-plate dinner at the Waldorf? Doesn't *that* clinch my argument?

STEINFELS: What empirical evidence we have shows that the professariate and the intellectual elite, the political heart of the "new class," are far from cultural nihilists.

NOVAK: Okay, so I didn't mean *every* professor. I only meant a relatively small part of the "new class."

STEINFELS: Which, somehow or other, represents its leadership, "established power," and 35 percent of the GNP! I really think the subject needs more serious study and reasoned comment.

NOVAK: Hey, where were you when the ethnics needed you?

At this last irrelevancy, I am tempted to rejoin, where was Novak when the ethnics needed *him*? But in fact, if I am to believe the findings of Father Greeley (and I always do), the ethnics have not needed him or me; they have been fending quite well for themselves. Indeed, if anything, it is we who need the ethnics, for identity and, if we so wish, to broker our way into the upper reaches of the American intellectual elite.

As for talk of "patriots" and "cowboys"—to be distinguished from the somewhat more palpable entity, the Sun Belt—my impression is that the difficulty of stuffing Jimmy Carter and the election of 1976 into these "mythical constructs" has considerably lessened their seductiveness. On the other hand, talk of the knowledge industry and the "new class" will surely continue, however slipshod and misleading. No doubt, then, Novak will congratulate himself on being "onto something." It is the intellectual equivalent of laughing all the way to the bank.

I look forward to reading the essay by Paul H. Weaver. Mr. Weaver is a *Fortune* editor who has written some excellent pieces on the media. I also recall him as the man who in 1972 organized major advertisements in which leading academics endorsed Richard Nixon as the candidate who "had demonstrated the superior capacity for prudent and responsible leadership." I will read his "exact and careful analysis" with great attentiveness. Perhaps he will supply the lucidity we need. To this lucidity I am confident that Michael Novak is no less devoted than I am. I fear only that we have widely divergent notions of what it might entail.

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